THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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CELT AND TEUTON.

They Mingle Joyously at South Chicago, and Listen to the Eloquence of Father Tim O'Sullivan, and John J. Fitzgibbon.

Both Orators Glowingly Eulogize the Germanic Race.

The picnic given by SS. Peter and Paul's church at Casino grove yesterday, was a grand success, the grounds being thronged with people from early morning until late at night. About 9 o'clock the children of the school marched to the grounds with drums beating and colors flying, each carrying an American flag, some of them being dressed in red, white and blue. Arrived at the grounds the children had a most enjoyable time. Later the grounds filled up with older people, and the day was given up to sports and a good time generally. About 4 o'clock J. J. Fitzgibbon, president of the Calumet National bank, called the people to order, and introduced the Rev. Father Sullivan of Cummings, who delivered a patriotic address in German. Among other things he said:

"The Republic established 116 years ago, because it was founded on the eternal principles of justice, and because it was rooted in the hearts of the people, withstood the attack of England, then the most powerful nation on the globe. It has survived the shock of a gigantic civil war; it grows stronger and more prosperous as the years roll by, and we may today joyously salute it saying, *esto perpetua!*

"The German, especially, should be proud of this glorious anniversary—the men of his race were among the foremost in fighting liberty's battles on the continent. Historical documents prove that the bulk of the Continental army was composed of hyphenated Irishmen, Scotch-Irish, Irish, Germans, Swedes, Hollanders and Huguenots. At the time of the Revolution there were half a million Germans in the colonies, chiefly in Pennsylvania, and they were among the first to join the ranks of the patriot army. Washington himself declared that were it not for the bravery of his German soldiers from Pennsylvania, New York and other states he would have been compelled to give up the struggle. Among the many able generals whom the Germans gave to the country were Von Steuben, who organized the army, and De Kalb, who stood firm as a rock at the battle of Camden until he fell pierced with eleven bullets.

"In the late civil war the Germans furnished more than their contingent to the Union army. Siegel, Osterhaus and Weitzel are household words throughout the land. In the formation and development of our social and civil life there is no better element than the honest emigrant from Fatherland.

"The family is the unit of society, and on its character and purity depends the welfare of the nation. The first thing that the German seeks to acquire is his own home—his own fireside, where he dwells happily with his faithful wife and fond children, who are brought up in obedience to law and duty. He is rarely seen in a divorce court. The Germans advocate the true theory of education—the education of the heart as well as the enlightenment of the intellect—the only system which can furnish that virtue and intelligence which are the very foundations of the commonwealth.

"The German is honest—he is not to be found in our little colony in Canada. He is law-abiding. If there are any socialists of his nationality it is owing to the grinding tyranny to which these men were subjected at home.

"The German by the solidity of his character as well as by his idealism and love of music and the arts, corrects and modifies the mercurial disposition of the Celt and the plodding materialism of the New Englander. He has done something for the cause of temperance in introducing as a substitute for whisky a beverage which his ancestors brewed in the time of Julius Cæsar. Were the German system of no-treating to become general, the country would be relieved of half the drunkenness and crime and poverty that now afflict it!

The Germans in making us acquainted with their noble tongue, a language as classical and philosophical as Latin or Greek, have furnished us with the key to the richest treasures of science and literature. As the Germans, so have men of every nationality brought to the Republic some good qualities that will shape and mould and strengthen the national character so that, as we form in a few generations one homogeneous people, the world will see a race which will form the highest exponent of humanity—a race of free men, physically strong and morally great —frisch, froh, froelich, frei, fromm!"

At the conclusion of the Rev. Father O'Sullivan's remarks, J. J. Fitzgibbon was called on, and responded in a happy vein. After paying an eloquent and deserved tribute to the fathers of the Republic, he concluded substantially as follows: The principles of the Declaration of Independence are the full complement of the great and eternal principles enunciated by Moses in the midst of thunder on Mount Sinai, because they are founded on reason and justice. Those two great codes of moral and political law will continue to influence all the progressive nations of the world in the line of progress and civilization and intellectual and moral development for all time to come. The European races who come to our free land, who subscribe to the principles of the Declaration of Independence and who love and honor our flag, will be always welcome here, and we will guarantee to them the same rights and liberties which our fathers have left us as an inestimable inheritance. But it must be understood now, and for all time to come, that the men we welcome to our shores must abide by our methods of government and law, for without authority and law, which are the safeguards in this Republic of our free institutions, there can be no civil or religious liberty. Our march of progress, under the providence of God, in the fulfillment of the glorious destiny before us, must not, nor shall not be impeded by violent, revolutionary or other drastic means, come from what source they may. We are not only willing to share with the European races who become Americanized the rights and liberties which we enjoy ourselves, but we cordially sympathize with all the people of Europe and will give them our moral support to gain the high plane of true government and the noble civilization which we enjoy under the flag of the Republic. To the German-Americans I would say in conclusion, that I hope the day is not far distant when the military imperialism which now dominates the Fatherland will be transformed into a great, a free and a powerful German Republic, modeled after that of the United States of America.

The remarks of Mr. Fitzgibbon were loudly applauded and many stepped up to the speaker and congratulated him, showing that he had struck a responsive chord in their hearts. Games and amusements were then resumed, and when the shades of night had fallen, several hundred dollars' worth of fireworks were set off to the great delight of the assembled multitude. Taken as a whole, a more enjoyable time was never had than that at Casino grove yesterday, and those who attended hope SS. Peter and Paul's school will hold another picnic next 4th of July, which will be a duplicate of the one given yesterday.—*Daily Calumet, July 5.*

OBITUARY.

MRS. MARY J. HANLON.

Another sad affliction has befallen Mrs. Daniel Curley, in the death of her mother, Mrs. Mary Jane Hanlon, which mournful event occurred on Thursday, June 23, in the city of Brooklyn. Mrs. Curley and her sister, Miss Maggie Hanlon, left the city immediately on receipt of the sorrowful news to attend the funeral, which took place on Saturday, June 25. Mrs. Curley is still detained in Brooklyn, as it is feared her aged father, Mr. Peter Hanlon may die at any moment. Verily, the hand of affliction has fallen heavily on this estimable family.

MRS. C. KENNEDY.

On Thursday, June 23, there died at No. 808 Thirty-seventh street, this city, Mrs. Kate Kennedy (nee Byrne), the beloved wife of our respected fellow citizen, Mr. Michael Kennedy. She was a native of Templeudigan, in the historic county Wexford, and had reached but her 36th year when she was stricken down with typhoid fever, from which she died after a brief illness. Her loss is a severe blow to her faithful husband and her four little children, the eldest of whom is but seven years, and the youngest 9 months. On Saturday her remains were conveyed to the Church of the Nativity of the Holy Name, where high mass was celebrated by the Rev. Father Cartan, who delivered a most impressive discourse on the virtues and the premature demise of deceased. After the solemn services of the church the funeral cortege wended its way to Mt. Olivet cemetery. Among the mourners were many old Limerick men, of which county Mr. Kennedy is a native, and a host of friends whom he had made during his fifteen years sojourn in this city. The pallbearers were Messrs. John Byrne, cousin, James Murphy, Patrick Woods, Patrick Mulqueen, Nicholas Doyle, cousin, and Patrick Murphy.

JOHN HAWKINS.

The city of Burlington, Iowa, has lost one of its most valued and respected citizens in the death of Mr. John Hawkins, one of the most sincere Irishmen that ever crossed the Atlantic. He was born in Enniscorthy, county Wexford, in 1829, inheriting the purest patriotic principles, which grew more intense since his arrival in this country in 1851. He had been a resident of Burlington since 1857, and it is but simple justice to his memory to say he was idolized by his fellow citizens. His manner was at once catching. His anecdotes were racy; bubbling over with crystalized humor. His patriotic ideas were unadulterated; not a particle of soft sawder had he for Queen Victoria or her ministry, yet he had the happiest knack imaginable of maintaining the friendship of those who differed from him. His wife, who survives him, is the embodiment of virtue and refinement, as are also his six children. His son, John J. Hawkins, of Paulina and Madison streets, is a worthy son of a noble sire, and is well known as a most uncompromising advocate of Irish independence.

D.

A Choice List of Summer Resorts.

In the Lake regions of Wisconsin, Northern Michigan, Minnesota, Iowa and the two Dakotas, there are hundreds of charming localities pre-eminently fitted for summer homes. Among the following selected list are names familiar to many of our readers as the perfection of Northern summer resorts. Nearly all of the Wisconsin points of interest are within a short distance from Chicago or Milwaukee, and none of them are so far away from the "busy marts of civilization" that they cannot be reached in a few hours of travel, by frequent trains, over the finest roads in the northwest—the Chicago, Milwaukee & St Paul Railway, and Milwaukee & Northern Railroad: Oconomowoc, Minocqua, Waukesha, Palmyra, Tomahawk Lakes, Lakeside Kilbourn City (Dells of the Wisconsin), Beaver Dam, Madison, Delavan, Sparta, Pewaukee, Wausaukee, and Elkhart Lake, Wis.; Clear Lake, Lakes Okoboji and Spirit Lake, Ia.; Marquette, Ontonagon and Mackinaw, Mich.; Frontenac, Lake Minnetonka, Ortonville, Prior Lake and White Bear Lake, Minn.; Lake Madison and Big Stone Lake, S. Dakota.

For detailed information, apply to any coupon ticket agent, or send stamp for a free illustrated tourist folder, to GEORGE H HEAFFORD, General Passenger Agent, Chicago. Ill.

NOBLE MOTHER ANGELA.

The New Hall at St. Mary's University, Notre Dame, Ind., Named After the Deceased Superioress' Patron Saint.

Eloquent Father Zahm Does Full Justice to the Memory of the Rev. Mother.

The new hall at St. Mary's Convent. Notre Dame, Ind., mother-house of the Sisters of the Holy Cross in America, has been appropriately named St. Angela's Hall, in honor of the patron saint of the late Mother Angela Gillespie. Mother Angela was practically the foundress of the Sisters of the Holy Cross in the United States. Her name in the world was Eliza Mary Gillespie, and she was a first cousin of the Hon. James G. Blaine, ex-secretary of state. She was educated at the Visitation Convent, Georgetown, D C., the Alma Mater of so many famous women, and for some years after leaving school, was a favorite in Washington society.

In 1853, at the age of twenty six years, she became a religious in the humble convent of the Sisters of the Holy Cross at Notre Dame, Ind. Her first intention had been to enter among the Sisters of Mercy, but her brother, the Rev. Neale Gillespie, a priest in the Congregation of the Holy Cross, persuaded her to change her mind.

Her life in religion is so well portrayed in the address which the Rev. John Zahm, C.S C., delivered at the dedication of St. Angela's Hall, that we cannot do better than to reproduce some parts of it.

Said Father Zahm: "There was much in Mother Angela's life to remind one of her holy patron—St. Angela. She began her life-work at a period when genuine apostles of female education were few and much needed; when ignorance and prejudice were rife to an extent that is difficult fot us now to realize. Like the Saint of Merici, Mother Angela had lofty ideals, and inspired those around her with a desire of attaining the highest excellence. Her ambition was to accomplish for the higher education of women what others had achieved for elementary instruction—to make it thoroughly Christian in character and purpose. How well she succeeded is attested by this noble institution of learning and its numerous branches, found from the Atlantic to the *Pacific* and from the Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico.

"For over a third of a century she labored with untiring energy and zeal for the success of the cause she had espoused. During the period of her superiorship she made no fewer than thirty-six foundations, including schools, academies, hospitals and asylums.

"But the houses she founded really constituted a small portion of her work. With all other cares, she found time to compile two series of readers for schools which have always been recognized as the best of their kind. Besides this, she was of material aid to the first editor of the *Ave Maria*, the Very Rev. Father Sorin, in giving it a start, and contributed much towards making it the beautiful and useful periodical it is today.

"A lover of higher education, she was likewise an intelligent patron of art and literature. The conservatory systems of music, painting and design, which are such characteristic features of all the schools of Holy Cross are due to her. No one knew better than she the wants of an institution of learning. In her youth she had received a finished education, and to the end of her life she always remained a student. She was an eager and discriminating reader, and in her extensive acquaintance with the various departments of art, science, history and literature, excited the admiration of those even who knew her most intimately. She had a keen intellect, joined to an ardent temperament and an unusually comprehensive mind, fully alive to the educational wants of her age; perceiving at a glance all the conditions necessary to success; able, without apparent effort, to meet all the demands made on her in the execution of her plans; she was by nature one of that limited number of enthusiastic spirits that impart to the world all the life and energy it possesses. What to others would appear as insurmountable difficulties were, to her, only so many incentives to action. And not only was she enthusiastic herself, but she communicated her enthusiasm to others. Whether in the class room instructing children, in the army hospital assisting the suffering and dying soldier, or in the asylum caring for the helpless and the orphan, she was ever the same eager, zealous, enthusiastic soul whose presence and example were an inspiration to all who saw her.

* * * * *

"When she came here in 1853, she found only a small frame house. Outside of this there was little else that she or her community could call their own. At the time of her death, in 1887, St. Mary's held, as she does today, a position second to none in the land.

"During her life Mother Angela grew on one in proportion as one knew her more intimately. The same can be said of her now. She is not one of those figures that fade away with increase of distance and lapse of time. On the contrary, as the years roll by, she will loom up a grander and a more imposing figure than she appeared even during life. Associated in name with St. Angela, history will place her in the company of those who have immortalized themselves in the cause of Christian education and in the service of suffering humanity. When her life comes to be written (and I trust it will be soon), it will be discovered that her virtues and achievements will merit for her a place alongside Mother Seton, Mother Julia Billiart, Mother Margaret Mary Hallahan, Mother Catherine McCauley, Mme. Barat and Nano Nagle.

"Mother Angela has gone from our midst, but her work still lives, and will continue to live, to bring blessings innumerable to generations yet unborn. Her successors are imbued with her spirit and her zeal. With her brilliant example before them, they feel confident that they will successfully continue the great work, so auspiciously inaugurated nearly forty years ago. St. Mary's, thanks to Mother Angela's foresight and genius, has already achieved marvels. But much yet remains to be accomplished. We can trust to those now in charge, and to those who will come after them, to carry out in all their perfection the grand designs of the noble foundress. And we can look forward to the time when this centre of culture and virtue will be all that Mother Angela strove so long and so earnestly to make it, one of the brightest ornaments of the church in the new world."

St. Angela's Hall will be used as an exhibition hall. It is thus described by Miss Eliza Allen Starr:

"From the exterior, this edifice of an admirable style of architecture from a design by Edbrook & Burnham of Chicago, presents itself in perfect harmony with its beautiful surroundings—the church with its venerated little chapel of Loretto, the academy and convent, and that charming landscape of stream, meadow and receding groves and hills—as if it might always have stood there hiding nothing, beautifying everything; the fulfilment of a dream of almost forty years. On entering the building, however, it grows upon one. The lower story makes a perfect vestibule for the hundreds of pupils with their teachers who will assemble here for the annual closing exercises. The broad flights of steps lead, on the right and left, to the hall above, which all at once shows its fair proportions to the eye, being 100 feet in length, 76 feet in width, while the height from the floor to the apex of the ceiling is 58 feet. The entire hall, wainscoting, stairways and ceiling is finished in Georgia pine, the natural wood polished with white varnish. The effect of this open ceiling in this beautiful wood, springing to such a height, should be an inspiration in itself to the young elocutionists. The stage for the pupils is the width of the building and finished in front with an open border of shamrock. The lighting of the hall is by rows of arched windows, and by lamps when needed, is perfect.—*Ex.*

HYMENEAL.

HEALY-GARITY.

Mr. W. J. K. Healy, city salesman for the Fuller & Fuller Wholesale Drug Co., and Miss Kitty Garity, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Garity, No. 317 North Franklin street, were united in marriage on the 28th ult. The marriage was solemnized by the Rev. J. P. Dore. The bridesmaid was Miss Mollie Garity, sister of the bride. Mr. John Muldoon acting as best man. After the ceremony a pleasant reception was held at the residence of the bride's parents. Mr. and Mrs. Healy left on an afternoon train for a trip through the northern resorts, and will be at home to their friends after Aug. 1 at No. 8 Washington place.

CLAN-NA-GAEL GUARDS.

The seventeenth annual military picnic and midsummer night festival of the Clan-na-Gael Guards, Capt. Buckley commanding, was held at Oswald's Grove, Halsted and Fifty-second streets, on Monday last. It was the tenth year it had been held at Oswald's, and it was the most successful of all, financially and otherwise. Fully 3,000 people attended throughout the day, and enjoyed themselves to the utmost. Daniel Corkery was present and so were John J. Mahoney, W. H. Joyce, J P. Gallagher, William Gavin, and a host of others interested in the guards and the success of the picnic. Contrary to the usual custom no speeches were made during the day. A few games, decidedly interesting, caught the sporting element. The many present found enjoyment in dancing and other amusements.

The following from Secretary Coupland of the Grand Army Memorial Association explains itself:

CHICAGO, July 3.—*Capt. L. R Buckley, Commanding Clan-na Gael Guards, City—Captain:* I am instructed to officially convey to you and your command the thanks of the Cook County Memorial Association, Grand Army of the Republic, for the honor conferred in joining in our Memorial Day parade, and aiding so largely in making it the grand success that it was. I am very respectfully your obedient servant,

L. B. COUPLAND,
Sec'y Memorial Association.

Rev. Father Greene's Lecture.

The Rev. Father J. J. Greene, of the church of St. Rose of Lima, will deliver a lecture on "Ireland's Martyrs—Her Plea for Liberty," for the benefit of the Mrs. Daniel Curley Homestead Fund, in the Nativity Parish Hall, Thirty seventh street and Union avenue, on Thursday evening, July 28. The lecture will be under the auspices of Divisions 17, 19 and 35, Ancient Order of Hibernians. Father Greene, together with being a devoted patriot, is a fine orator, and the announcement that he is to speak will attract a large audience.

"Be sure you get Ayer's" is an important caution to all in search of a thoroughly-reliable blood-purifier, Ayer's Sarsaparilla being the one on which there can be no manner of doubt. It has stood the test of nearly half a century, and has long been considered the standard.

"WET" CHRISTIANS.

Eleanor Kirk Gives Her Ideas Relative to the Peculiar Theories of the Rev Dr. Rainsford on the Temperance Question.

A "Boost" for the Political Hope of the New York "World."

BROOKLYN, N. Y., July 5.—Many questions have been asked and many opinions given in reference to the peculiar theories of the Rev Dr. Rainsford on the temperance question. I wish to say in advance that I believe the gentleman above alluded to is perfectly honest in his convictions, and I am equally honest in my inability to understand how this is possible. Dr. Rainsford wants more saloons opened by responsible church people, where nothing stronger than beer and light wines will be sold. Think of it—saloons kept by deacons and church trustees, and instead of fewer intoxicants in the world, as would appear proper to the lay mind, we are to have more. When this comes to pass we shall doubtless have what may possibly be called Vestry Saloons, in such close contiguity to the sacred edifices that thirsty parsons and pew-owners can saunter out between the hymn and the sermon, or the prayer and the reading of notices, and so minister to the physical and the spiritual at the same time. If it is right for church members to open saloons, it is manifestly right for church members to drink, and to have their beverages as near at hand as possible; and if beer and light wines are in order on the corners of our streets, they are equally in order beside our churches. Dr. Rainsford believes in the largest liberty, and that is the way to get it. But Dr. Rainsford is trying to stamp out drunkenness by making more drunkards. How can a good man and a man of brains be so illogical?

The frank and naive statement of the lady whose name had been mentioned for the vice-presidency of the United States, in connection with that of Mrs. Belva Lockwood for chief executive, has been considerably commented upon. An enterprising reporter who was determined to obtain something spicy in the way of an interview, asked the would-be feminine candidate what her ideas were upon the silver question.

"To tell you the truth," was the honest response, "I don't know much about it, but I am going to read up."

Now, there are women, and those, too, who do not aspire to public offices, who know as much about the silver question and other subjects of National interest as men. The affairs of the country interest them deeply. If I wanted a question in political economy explained I know of women within a stone's throw who could satisfactorily instruct me. Mrs. Maria Huntington Elwell of this city occupies a position second to no man in this regard. This woman, by means of her lectures and her lessons, which are so simple that a child can comprehend them, is doing a great work. Just men with brains are willing that the old argument of woman's inability to understand National affairs had never a grain of truth in it. That they did not understand was once more or less correct, but that they could not understand was always a mistake.

In this connection the request of scores of young women to be told the best way of acquainting themselves with political affairs is in order. I shall probably be accused of partisanship or something else equally unworthy, when I answer, by reading every day the editorial page of the New York *World*. I am not acquainted with a single one of the editorial staff to my knowledge, but there is a liberal education for any woman on that page. There is a breadth, a comprehensiveness, and simplicity, about this work that makes it very valuable. Of course, I am thinking now of women who are above the pettiness of rejecting instruction because they cannot always agree with the political opinion expressed. One need not be a Democrat to be benefitted by this work. Last evening, for instance, there was an animated discussion in my parlor regarding the tax on tin plate. Now, while much interested, I could not take a hand in it because I did not know anything about tin plate. This morning I open my *World*, and lo, and behold, here is all the information I need in three short editorial paragraphs. I do accept the *World's* conclusions on this matter because to me they seem logical, but this is not the point. Familiarity with these subjects is what women want. They can form their own opinions after such an acquaintance.

I must request my readers to please ask me no more about cheap and pleasant summering places. The woman who wants a south room with two windows, a spring bed, modern furniture, trees, hammocks and the best of everything for four dollars a week, is a nuisance to everybody, and particularly to me. I shall not reply to any of these communications.

The daily newspapers advertise every possible kind of seashore and mountain resort. Let them take their pick.

Miss M. G. Anderson wishes me to say that she will send the Delsarte waist or corset to any address, provided measurements accompany the orders. Waist and bust measures are essential, and it is also well to know whether the wearers are long-waisted, short-waisted or medium.

"Appreciative" desires to know if I will send her seven copies each of the numbers of *Eleanor Kirk's Idea* that contain the poems under the head of "The Unavailable." "They are the funniest things in the English language," she adds, "and several of my friends are desirous of having them for their scrap-books."

The above extract is given for the specific purpose of showing the audacity of certain human beings who call themselves "Appreciative." Seven copies of each! One copy of each at 5 cents would be 35 cents, and seven times that would be $2.45. If "Appreciative" was a subscriber it would be different, but even then the request—to use a little slang—would be somewhat "cheeky."

"Beacon Street Housekeeper" sends us the following rule for Hygienic Bread Cake," and says, "It will not disagree with the most delicate stomach."

Take a pint of carefully sifted flour, add a little salt, and one Fleischmann's yeast cake, dissolved in a little warm water. Add warm water enough for a soft dough. When raised, work in half a cup of butter, one cup of sugar, two eggs, a pound of stoned raisins and sifted flour enough to make a cake batter. Placed in greased pans, when light bake in slow oven.

ELEANOR KIRK,
No. 698 Greene avenue.

Shamrocks for the World's Fair.

[To the Editor.]

The famous Gaelic Society of New York, through one of its members, Miss E. Landwersick, of No. 304 Dean street, Brooklyn, N. Y, has applied to the Chief of Floriculture at the World's Fair for space to exhibit an Irish design. The design has been accepted, and will be given a prominent place in front of Horticultural Hall. It will be a copy of King Brian Boru's Harp, eight feet in diameter made of shamrocks to be gathered on the green hill of Tara. It will be outlined by gravel from Glasnevin cemetery. The shamrocks will be sent to Chicago this fall to be planted on the 17th of March, 1893. This will be the first time shamrocks have been placed upon exhibition, and on this occasion when the greatness of the world will be shown, alas! poor Ireland's glory. Let her exiles' hearts be gladdened at the sight of her shamrocks, entwined around the silent harp that sounded her fame, and get inspiration from the gravel from the graves of her martyred dead. May the harp of shamrocks exhibited by this patriotic girl at the Fair next year cause thoughts to wander to the "Isle that's crowned with shamrocks."

IVERA.

DAILY LAKE EXCURSIONS.

To St. Joseph and Benton Harbor, Mich., the Coney Island of the West. Sixty miles from Chicago, a lake ride, returning 120 miles, by the Graham & Morton Transportation Co.'s steamers CITY OF CHICAGO and CHICORA, the Largest, Finest and Fastest excursion steamers on Lake Michigan. At the Summer Resorts you will find good hotels, fishing, bathing and beautiful drives through the famous peach orchard districts. This is the place to go for a day's rest. Season Time Table: Leave Chicago daily at 9:30 a. m., return 8:30 p. m., round trip $1; daily at 11:30 p. m., single fare trip $1; Sundays at 10 a.m., return about 10 p. m., round trip $1.50; Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock, round trip $1, tickets good returning same night, Sunday at 6 p.m., or Monday's steamer. In all cases meals and berths extra.

The "City of Chicago," which leaves daily at 9:30 a. m., makes close connections at St. Joseph with the special fast steamboat express on the Chicago & West Michigan R. R. for Grand Rapids, Traverse City, Petoskey, Mackinac Island, Holland, Ottowa Beach, Bay City, East Saginaw, Lansing and all summer resorts and towns in Northern Michigan. This is the cheapest and quickest route from Chicago and the West. Only seven hours to Grand Rapids by this route, single fare $3.90. Also connecting at Benton Harbor with the Cincinnati, Wabash & Michigan Railway (Big 4 system) for Niles, Elkhart and Southern points. Docks foot of Wabash avenue, or at State street bridge. Telephone Main 2162.

J. H. GRAHAM, President. J. S. MORTON, Sec. and Treas.
G. S. WHITSLAR, General Passenger Agent.

Elegant Service

At 5:45 p. m., the "Fast Train" leaves Chicago, via the Wisconsin Central Lines for St. Paul, Minneapolis, Ashland, Duluth and the iron towns, composed of through Pullman Vestibuled Sleepers to Chippewa Falls and Eau Claire, St. Paul and Minneapolis, Ashland and Duluth, making close connections at Union Depot, St. Paul, with the new train which has just been placed in service via the Northern Pacific Railroad to the Pacific Coast, leaving St. Paul daily at 9 a. m. At 10:45 p. m. the "Pacific Express" leaves Chicago for the Pacific Coast via the Wisconsin Central and Northern Pacific Lines, composed of Pullman Vestibuled Drawing-Room and Tourist Sleepers, running through to Portland, Ore., and Tacoma, Wash., without change. For tickets, time tables, berth reservations, etc., apply to city ticket office, 205 S. Clark street, Chicago, Ill., or to James C. Pond, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

The Church of Joachim.

It was during the month of August, 1890, that the Holy Father was first informed of the intention to erect a church under the shadow of the Vatican and patronage of St. Joachim. Later on (on the 24th of September of the same year) Leo XIII confided the direction of all that concerned the subscriptions, building, etc, to the Abbe Brugidon, director of the great and good work of International Reparatory Adoration, and on the 21st of January, 1891, the sovereign pontiff accepted and approved the idea of offering him the church as an episcopal jubilee gift. Funds were everywhere collected and the building commenced. No less than several thousand cubic metres of work were executed in about nine months. The crypt, which gives an excellent idea of what the church will be when terminated, is now finished, and on the 9th of June his Eminence the Cardinal Vicar took possession by celebrating mass there for the first time. The ceremony of erecting the first column of the superior edifice was then proceeded with. The diplomatic corps accredited to the Holy See were present and several complimentary speeches made. The ground and works were visited by all present, and in separating, cordial rendezvous was given to meet there for the crowning of the work on Feb. 19, 1893. In the meantime it is hoped that sufficient subscriptions will be made to see the termination of the church, which will cover about 6,000 cubic metres.

UNDER THE WHITE COCKADE.

A Tale of the Penal Days and of the Irish Brigade in the Service of France.

Irish Heroism Which Reached a Climax on the Glorious Field of Fontenoy.

BY P. G. SMYTH,

Author of "Gael and Gaul," "The Wild Rose of Lough Gill," "Duchess of Inver," "King and Viking," and Other Highly Interesting Stories

BOOK II:—CHAPTER IV.

"The dames of France are fond and free,
And Flemish lips are willing,
And soft the maids of Italy,
And Spanish eyes are thrilling;
Still, though I bask beneath their smile,
Their charms must fail to bind me,
For my heart flies back to Erin's isle,
And the girl I left behind me."

"My dear countess, how delighted I am to meet you! Madame Eloise, I am yours till death!"

And Saxe, with the suave courtesy of the finished courtier he was, bowed low as he kissed in turn the hands of the two ladies.

"What think you, mesdames?—this is reall my third day beneath this roof. My dear friend, René has been most ardent in his hospitality and entertainment towards the tired soldier. I assure you I am all charmed with this noble ancestral pile, this magnificent chateau!"

"To which you are most welcome, general," replied the countess.

"So I have laboured to impress him, mother," said René, who was enthusiastic in his pride at having the famed commander for his guest. "Peronne has ever been delighted to do honor to the valiant. Why, if these old walls could speak, the skies would ring with their shouts of admiring salutation to the veteran warrior; if these old brass pieces of ordnance on the battlements could go off on their own accord their feu-de-joie would awake the echoes of every hill along the Somme!"

"Ha, René, you born flatterer! you should go to court—'tis your proper element," exclaimed the general with a laugh that violently agitated all the curls of his wig, showing the gold ear-rings gleaming beneath.

But his satisfaction at the compliment was not without a certain alloy; he did not like to hear the word "veteran" applied to him, for, though now bordering on his fifty-seventh year, he liked to be considered fresh and sprightly—in fact, a blithe, dashing gallant.

"And this gentleman?" he blandly inquired, turning with smiling courtesy towards Fergus, who stood with tolerable reassurance at the ladies' side, taking the best view possible of his doubtful predicament.

A look of apprehension passed over the face of the countess, but the dark eyes of Eloise sparkled with merriment, and her teeth shone between her ripe, red lips like "a string of pearlets rare."

"My cousin Baudin—General Saxe."

The pair bowed to each other. Fergus thought he discovered in the bronzed countenance before him some resemblance to that of his late adversary, De Riveul; while the experienced eye of Saxe readily perceived the mien and bearing of the soldier beneath the cherry-colored velvet attire of "Cousin Baudin."

"In what corps does monsieur serve?—I have no doubt he is a soldier," he inquired.

Rather thrown out of *role* by this unexpected point-blank inquiry, Fergus found his truthful self asserting itself to (it must be owned) his discomfiture; but ere he could utter the words "le Brigade Irlandais" Eloise had answered for him.

"Le Regiment de Picardie, of course, general." A most proper corps for him, is it not?"

"Assuredly, seeing that his proud and delightful office has been to escort the flower of Picardy to her home. Prithee, what news do you carry hither from Paris? How go matters at court?"

"Court is very dull just now, general," replied Eloise demurely.

Saxe shrugged his shoulders with peculiar affectation.

"Que voulez-vous, dear madame, since you have deprived it of the brilliant radiance of your presence?"

"Nay, since the departure of some of its best gentlemen," said the countess, a tear running down her cheek. "The Duc de Grammont's division has set out for the Rhine—Mousquetaires and all. I have taken leave of my husband, never perhaps to see him again, and tomorrow I shall be bidding adieu to René."

"Keep up your heart, mother," said the latter; "we shall return to you unscathed—save perhaps for a few honorable and ornamental scars—after teaching the enemies of France the sharp lesson which they so much need. But please excuse our guest; I am taking him to a boar hunt at Vaux, down the river. We hope to be back ere sunset."

"I fear, monsieur," remarked Eloise with a droll smile, "you will find boar hunting but little to your taste; you would prefer game of a different kind."

"Germans, and Dutch and English, you would say, madame? Ah, excuse me, but of all things on earth I like variety, save, indeed, in the matter of your beauty, on which I could gaze and gaze till——"

"Fie, general; keep those sweet, flowery speeches for the court, and do not lavish their sweetness in such an out-of-the-way place as Peronne. Au revoir. Be sure to return in good time, for here in the country we adhere to the good, old-fashioned rule as regards sleep and meals:

"Lever a six, diner a dix, souper a six,
coucher a dix,
Fait vivre l'homme dix fois dix."

Saxe and René mounted the two strong hunters which the grooms held for them, and rode down the avenue and out the gate, looking a right picturesque pair of Nimrods in their green coats, white breeches, and plumed hats. The two ladies and our hero entered the chateau.

O'Ronan experienced a strong sense of self-gratulation at the comfortable and luxurious quarters in which he found himself thus strangely located. His admiration was roused to a high pitch by the grandeur and elegance of everything in and around his new abode, the characteristic home of one of the richest and noblest families it the North of France.

Perhaps in all Picardy there was no more picturesque and interesting pile than tne Chateau de Peronne. Seen from any point, its numerous gablets and vane-crowned turrets, gilt by the pleasant sunshine, standing out in bold confusion against the sky, its steep slated roots topped with ornamental metal fretwork, its numerous quaint loophole slits and mullioned windows looking forth like the eyes of the past upon the world, combined to make a deep impression on the beholder—made him feel that the history of feudal France was set in monumental stone before him.

It was hard to trace the extent of the original fortalice, so many additions and alterations had been made by successive owners; but each of these had served but to improve the aspect of the whole. Here was a lofty embattled wall, grey and stern save where the ivy had effected its escalade—and this same dark, glossy, persevering assailant showed its green flag on the summit of some of the topmost tourelles; there a turreted façade covered with florid stonework and weather-worn escutcheons; here a grim and gloomy tower with massive-barred windows at which many a poor captive had wept; there a stately terrace adorned with a white array of vases and statuary.

As it was now time of war, the banner of Peronne waved on one of the loftiest turrets.

The inside of the chateau was in keeping with its proud exterior. Everywhere were ample tokens of wealth and luxuriance.

Splended paintings graced the walls of the grand *salles*—masterpieces of some of the greatest of French and Flemish artists. Besides the inevitable family portraits there were several fine portraits of celebrated generals of France—among others Marshal Turenne and the great Conde. Fergus was particularly struck with an excellent painting of the Battle of Neerwinden, where Luxemburg put King William to the route, and the gallant Sarsfield received his death wound.

The place had some remarkable historic associations. Here took place the celebrated interview between Louis XI and his sometime enemy, Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, when the latter outwitted the wily monarch, and virtually imprisoned him in the chateau, placing double guards at its gates; a result which appeared so ludicrous that all the magpies and jays in Paris were taught to cry "Peronne!"

When they were refreshed after their journey Eloise conducted 'Cousin Baudin' through the various stately seigniorial apartments, and showed him what she considered the "lions" of the grand old chateau.

Now escaped from the air of lofty propriety that breathed around her mother, and the depressing memory of the previous night all but forgotten, the daughter of the Peronnes was in her own blithe, natural mood, gay, sparkling, piquant, vivacious.

Fergus, so long a stranger to female society, was charmed with her grace, wit, and beauty. At first, so unused had he grown to any companionship save that of his comrades of the white cockade, he felt awkward and even bashful in her presence which seemed to illume the lofty chambers like a burst of sunshine; but her free and winsome manner speedily dispelled this feeling of constraint, and rendered him perfectly at home.

Never since he stepped on French soil from the deck of the Granuwail had he seen a more pleasant evening. He enjoyed himself hugely. His spirits felt singularly light as he walked along by her side amid paintings and arms and banners, dark polished cabinets and quaint old furniture of all kinds, solemn stands of trophies both of the combat and the chase, through rooms whose wainscotted walls were enlivened with paintings of children, birds, and flowers, or hung with gorgeous tapestry representidg the deeds of prowess of some of the lordly owners of Peronne, whereon the doughty cavaliers seemed to live and move in the many colored radiance that slanted upon them through the stained-glass windows.

He was a natural lover of art, and gazed long and raptly at some of the fine canvasses that graced the walls; but in all the chateau, he surmised, there was no lovelier or more entrancing picture than that presented by his fair cicerone.

How beautiful she looked in the airy, graceful, spotless muslin robe she had assumed in lieu of her traveling garb! How well the scarlet rosebud and its green leaves set off the dark wavy masses of her *chevalure!* how shapely was the neck arising from its foamy surrounding of snowy Mechlin!

She commented merrily on various objects they encountered as they proceeded, now pausing to criticize the beetling brows and rivetty mail of a great grandsire, and now to pass piquant jest on the puffy cheeks and huge ruff of great grandmere: it was plain to see that pride of ancestry did not enter much into the composition of Eloise de Peronne.

He had to laugh and laugh again at her naive humor; and their united mirth awoke the echoes of the stately halls.

"*Ma foi*, Cousin Baudin—I mean Monsieur O'Ronan," she said in the course of their tour, "I have heard you Irish are all descended from warlike old kings. Prithee, have you aad many of these potentates in your family?"

"Yes, madame—several."

"Indeed! Pray name some of them."

Here was a quandry. Proud as he was of the ancient descent of the O'Ronans he had never taken trouble to trace their genealogy to its real fountain-head. However, he was equal to the occasion:

"Certainly, madame. There was the great King Dathi, and Awley, and Roderick O'Connor, and—ahem—Brian Boru, Fionn MacCool, and — and — several others"

He detected an amused twinkle in her eye, but heroically conquered his confusion.

"Bless us, St. Fursey—what curious names! How happy you must be, monsieur, to have so much royal blood in your veins. Why, you are a regular uncrowned king—a very monarch *de jure!* For the last half hour I have been conscious of the venerable presence of royalty."

He bowed and smilingly accepted her badinage.

"And I, madame, of the more powerful one of beauty."

"Accept, your majesty, the assurance of my loyal homage."

"And you, madame, that of my utmost devotion."

He gently took her hand and kissed it. She drew it away with a silvery laugh.

"Oh, *mon roi*, why have you ever left your court?"

Leaving the chateau they rambled through the adjoining grounds till the steeples of the town chimed the hour of 6. This, the old-fashioned supper hour, recalled them to the dining-room, where they found the countess awaiting them in company with Saxe and René, who had returned from the boar hunt.

The evening passed very pleasantly, Eloise playing some of the favorite airs of the day on the harp and spinnet, and the general relating some of his wittiest anecdotes. The countes relinquished her dread that the latter should discover the true character of "Cousin Baudin," who was still a deep mystery to René, who racked his brain to account for the existence of this hitherto unknown relative.

"St! pas un mot—Cousin Baudin est Cousin Baudin," was the perplexing reply received from his sister when he ventured an inquiry into the matter. But he was enlightened later on.

Fergus made a keen but covert survey of the face and form of the redoubted commander, with whose history he was tolerably well acquainted—for it was a favorite topic with the men of the Brigade. He knew that Maurice Arminius de Saxe was the son of a Swedish lady of rank (Aurora von Konigsmark) by him who was called "the greatest libertine that ever lived," the notorious Augustus II, Elector of Saxony and King of Poland; that he was born in the foul atmosphere of the most abandoned and licentious court in Europe—that of Dresden; that he was called Moritz, or Maurice, from the battle of Moritz, won by his father, and Saxe from Saxony; that he had fought at the age of 12 under Eugene and Marlborough; that he had been scandalously divorced from his wife, Victoire, the rich young Countess of Loben; that he had been an unsuccessful candidate for the dukedom of Courland and Semigallia—of which he nevertheless affected the title; and that, in fine, he was in many ways a worthy son of an ill reputed father.

Still, notwithstanding the rakish, luxurious, irreligious career led—though he professed to be a Lutheran—by the owner of the worn frame and commanding countenance before him, Fergus could not help admiring the man for his undoubted courage, enterprise, and many warlike achievements.

Saxe had served during the previous year's campaign in Germany, where he distinguished himself by the capture of Egra. Blazé of war, he was now recruiting his impaired health by a few weeks' ruralizing in the French provinces

"You leave us in the morning, René?" he said, shortly before the party broke up for the night.

"Leave you—yes. But I fancy, general, you expressed an intention of accompanying me as far as Rocroy."

And the young man cast an anxious glance towards his mother and sister. He knew that their guest's reputation was too well known to them to approve of a lengthened visit.

"Yes, my dear René, but I have changed my mind; I mean to enjoy the shelter of your chateau for a day or two longer than I intended, and then to set out for Paris, where I have some important matters to arrange with his majesty. So, garçon, you must set out for the field of glory alone, unless you choose to wait for the Regiment de Dillon, which will soon be on its way hither from Dunkirk in full march for the front."

"The Regiment de Dillon," repeated Fergus with much interest.

"Yes, it is ordered for this campaign. Monsieur Baudin—and, oh! by the way, I have heard that your own corps, that of Picardy, is now marching for the frontier."

"What! already!" exclaimed Fergus with assumed surprise; "strange I have not heard of it."

"Strange, indeed," replied Saxe, with a smile of dubious import, "but tomorrow, of course, cannot fail to bring you a message from the Bureau de la Guard. Perhaps, now, you may accompany our gallant René on his first campaign."

"I should be right glad, general, to do so."

Before retiring to rest Fergus strolled forth upon the terrace, leant his hands on the stone balustrade, and gazed musingly down upon the waters of the Somme. The May night was delicious; the scene charmingly picturesque. How grand and solemn looked the chateau, its numerous peaks and turrets standing forth in the silvery haze of the moonbeams! How soothing was the low whisper of the stream as it glimmered forth from the shadow of the ancient words!

But the spectator's thoughts were far and far away beyond the Picardian hills! They were lingering by the shore of Lough Conn, following the windings of the Deel, and exploring the groves of Rappa. He found himself humming a verse of the "Lover from the West Countrie" as he groped in his bosom for a small parcel containing a plait of brown hair bound by a faded blue ribbon.

Once freed from the enthralling presence of Eloise, his old passion had reasserted itself with a vengeance, and he paid a fond and real tribute to of memory to "the girl he left behind him."

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK]

GAELIC POETRY.

Failte do Chearbhallan.

Dá mhíliún déag fáilte dhaoibh,
O árus Mheadhbha, inghean Eochaidh,
Go fearann Oirghiaill, ghlúmhar, gurian,
Lé'r bh'ionmhúin euchta Cnoochulluinn.

Dá maireadh Conchobhair a n-Eamhan Mnacha
Bhur d-turus a n-iar i lor bh' aithreach;
Ní rachfadh an lios lóghmhar air ais,
No go g-creuchtfaidhe Uladh fá'n Maigneis.

Ceithre Neill Theamhra na d-treas,
Conn agus Cormac cómhdheas,
Ní léigfeadh an Carnmhogall ag aen
D'fhuil Adhaimh, acht ag Ardrigh.

Carbuncal Teamhra na d-triath;
Maigneis Uladh na n-dearg-sciath;
Orpheus chlainne Chathaoir ó dheas,
A's meadhair na h-Eorpa gan chomhmheas.

Geall ceol ó'n Asia n-oir,
Go Toirdhealbhach anois do ráinic;
Prionnsa na naoi Músa fá mheas
Do shealbhuigh air d-tús Parnassus.

Gach duine sheinneas fá a luidheann grian,
Is dá n-áirmhinn go muir d-Torrian;
O Thoirdhealbhach do gheibh 'na láimh,
A n-aoibhneas, a n-ór, 's a n-arán.

An t-abhrán.
Tá'n t-arán 'nn a lámh go bás ma sheinnid le céill,
Gach stolla d'á t-tug athair na n-grás d'Oildhamh na d-teud;
An cumadóir árd-so sháruigh an chruinne le céim
'S ba chubhaidh dhó fáilte bhárr air dhá mhíliúin deug.

—*From Hardiman's Irish Minstrelsy.*

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY,

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1888.

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Maude Ward of Rockford, Ills., kindled a fire with kerosene. She was 12 years old.

Two members of the Mechell, Ind., Christian church were excommunicated because they favored having an organ in the church.

Frank Leichty, 6 years old, was drowned at Lake Geneva, Wis.

William Fay, head baker at the insane asylum at Elgin, Ills., was found dead in bed and a bottle of morphine was close by. The jury thought that he might have taken an overdose unintentionally. A girl had recently refused to marry him.

A 10-year-old Chicago boy named August Nuhleman pleaded guilty before Judge Hutchinson to stealing $100.

Noah Smith, a well-known colored character in southern Michigan, was killed on the Michigan Central railroad near Battle Creek. Two trains ran over the body.

Beach Bros., dry goods merchants of Pontiac, Ills., failed; liabilities, $45,000; assets, $50,000.

The body of Monroe Garrett, the colored man who assaulted Prui Redmond with an ax three weeks ago at Spencer, Ind., was found in White river. Foul play is suspected.

The revenue collections at Peoria, Ills., during the month of June amounted to $1,308,931.19. There were 1,352,175 tax paid gallons and 790 packages taken out of bond for export.

Leaves its mark—every one of the painful disorders that prey upon women. They fade the face, waste the figure, ruin the temper, wither you up, make you old before your time.

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BATTLING WITH THE SIOUX

The History of the Closing and Most Dramatic Epoch in American Indian Warfare, as Told by John F. Finerty.

The American, Irish-American and British Press Pronounce the Book to be a Literary, as Well as Historical, Triumph.

DIRECT, VIVID AND VIGOROUS.
[*New York Times.*]

"It is a handsome octavo volume of nearly 500 pages, furnished with well executed maps and illustrations, written in the author's nervous, vigorous and picturesque style. It gives a complete and circumstantial account of the great Indian wars of 1876 and 1879, not gathered piecemeal from what others have written, but told in the direct vivid way of one who saw and knew of what he writes."

IT WAS A TERRIBLE CAMPAIGN.
[*New York Herald.*]

"Mr. Finerty's story was not obtained at headquarters, or from official reports but through participation in all the work described. He tells just such a tale as might be expected from an intelligent soldier, except that he gives us more details, all of them interesting, of camp life and the march."

NOTHING MORE GRAPHIC SINCE WASHINGTON IRVING
[*John Boyle O'Reilly, in Boston Pilot.*]

"In 'Warpath and Bivouac,' by John F. Finerty, we have the truthful story of the Sioux campaign of 1876, from the pen of a gallant correspondent who shared in all its thrilling dangers and vicissitudes. Nothing more graphic in that line has been written since Irving's stirring narratives of "Astoria" and "Captain Bonneville's Adventures."

A RELIGIOUS CRITIC.
[*New York Independent.*]

Mr. John F. Finerty, war correspondent of the Chicago *Times*, has graphically told the story of the conquest of the Sioux, which included some of the fiercest and bloodiest fighting ever done on our frontier. It is history that we have here, narrated by one of the active participants in the scenes depicted. Mr Finerty writes in the true journalistic mood, with an eye to effect; but he tells all that one cares to know and tells it well.

MRS. GEN. JOHN A. LOGAN'S CRITICISM.
[*The Home Magazine.*]

"Warpath and Bivouac; or, The Conquest of the Sioux," by John F. Finerty is one of the brightest and best written stories of our conquest of the Indians that we have ever read. The gifted author has immortalized in eloquent language the sacrifices, trials, and hardships of our gallant officers and soldiers, in their long and trying chases after the wily red man, over ground well known to him but unknown to them, graphically describing the many bloody conflicts with these treacherous foes. As a nation, we have not fully recognized the services of such heroic officers as Harney, Fremont, Sully Stanley, Connors, Crook, Miles, Merritt Terry, McKenzie, Gibbon, Carr, Lawton Custer, McCauly, Fetterman, Kidder, Elliott, Brown, Grummond, Yates, McKinney and a host of others, who have displayed such signal ability and dauntless courage in their campaigns and intercourse with the hostile Indians, far too many falling victims to these rapacious savages. We have lost sight of their deeds of daring in our desire to reward the soldiers of the civil war.

The unmarked graves, butchered bodies and bleaching bones of the fallen on the plains, and in the mountains of the Far West, should not appeal to us in vain Mr. Finerty has placed the facts before the public as they have never been placed before, and he deserves for his noble work the thanks of the whole country, and a rich harvest from the sale of his book.

TRUTHFUL AND PICTURESQUE.
[*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*]

"The pictures of the life on the frontier are splendidly drawn. Wherever a soldier or friend fell in answer to the summons, or performed an act of heroism, it will be found recorded in 'Warpath and Bivouac.'"

MORE ATTRACTIVE THAN FICTION.
[*Scranton (Pa.) Truth.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book is more attractive than fiction. It depicts with the facile pen of a man who sees and appreciates the picturesque in real life, some of the most thrilling incidents of Indian history and the author has brought to his task the great merit of accuracy. The volume deserves a large sale."

INTERESTING FROM START TO FINISH.
[*Chicago Morning News.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book contains all the material facts of a history of the operations against the Sioux, but it is written in a narrative style and is interesting from start to finish. His descriptions of the Rosebud fight, the "Sibley Scout," the engagement at Slim Buttes, and his story of the long march in pursuit of the Indians after the Custer massacre have never been equaled."

INTERESTING AS FENIMORE COOPER.
[*Chicago Evening Journal.*]

"Probably the most exciting chapters of the work are those in which are described the adventures of the Sibley scouting expedition, which the author obtained leave to accompany, and which came near resulting in the capture and death of all who took part in it. The story of the way in which this little band of men were surprised by the Indians, of their siege by ever-increasing numbers of savage foes, of their stout resistance, and of their skilfully managed retreat when all escape seemed hopeless, is none the less interesting because it is strictly true and is quite as thrilling as a chapter of Fenimore Cooper's novels."

A VERY READABLE AND COMMENDABLE BOOK.
[*New York Critic.*]

With the causes of the war the army, of course, had nothing to do. The conduct of the officers and soldiers throughout seems to have been admirable. It was marked by equal bravery and humanity—virtues which had often to be exercised under very trying circumstances. The author, sharing in these good qualities, and having with them the effervescent spirit of his Irish temperament, and the ready pen of the practiced newspaper correspondent, was well qualified to be the historian of such a conflict. His style, if occasionally careless and sometimes luxuriant in expression, is always animated and graphic.

A TRUTHFUL AND SPIRITED STORY.
[*New York Nation, July 31.*]

If this stirring narrative is read as it deserves, the people will learn of hardships and peril encountered by their military forces, that not one in a hundred thousand ever dreams of. The historian accompanied Crook on his Big Horn expedition, and, as there is no rear in an Indian fight, was in the thick of it on the Rosebud when Crook and the Sioux mutually recoiled. Mr. Finerty writes clearly, and evidently has an ancestral love of fighting from the facility with which he takes his place in the ranks But he never boasts.

NO MILITARY WRITER EXCEEDS HIM FOR PICTORIAL DESCRIPTIVENESS.
[*Brooklyn Eagle.*]

"No military writer exceeds him for pictorial descriptivenes of either march battle or bivouac, nor for the lighter touches of camp humor, incident and character, or those of natural scenery which make such severe work tolerable to those who experience or those who read it. There are few such truthful and powerful pictures of military operations against brave and skillful savages in so vast a country, often as savage as the Indians to be fought."

ENTERTAINING AS A ROMANTIC NOVEL.
[*Hon. J. Medill, Chicago Tribune.*]

"The author participated in nearly every skirmish of the campaigns of which he writes. His book, therefore, is not lacking in historical accuracy. Its arrangement is capital. The narrative never flags. It is as entertaining as a romatic novel. Here and there one finds eloquent bits of scenic description."

REVIEWED BY THE SAXONS.
London Saturday Review (Tory) July 12.]

The best adventure in the book is "The Sibley Scout," the experiences of a small reconnoitring party sent out to discover Indians who, in large force, discovered them. Mr. Finerty with a hundred rounds of ammunition had occasion to expend much of it. The story, with its sudden turns, is excellently narrated.

REVIEWED BY THE SCOTCH.
[*Edinboro (Scotland) Scotsman.*]

"Mr. Finerty's narrative reads like a romance of Fenimore Cooper or of Mayne Reid; but it has also the impress of true history. General Crook is the chief hero of these battles and marches, night watches and surprises, among the wild scenery of the 'Bad Lands,' or on the wide stage of the prairie; and General Custer is the chief martyr. The 'red man' also deserves his meed of praise as a fighter; and in our century there have been few such formidable Indian figures as that of Sitting Bull.

A FASCINATING STORY.
[*Chicago Herald.*]

"A more fascinating story of Indian warfare it has not been our good fortune to read for many a day. Aside from mere personal interest the work is a valuable contribution to our western history, and should be read alike by those who love a story of adventure and those who are interested in the story of the subjugation of the West.

AN EX-CONFEDERATE'S OPINION.
[*Col. John George Ryan in The Press-Eagle, Pine Bluff, Ark.*]

Reader, send at once for a copy of John F. Finerty's recent book entitled "Warpath and Bivouac; or, the Conquest of the Sioux." It is a splendid contribution to the historical literature of the day, and should be within the walls of every household. The book reads more like a vivid romance than a concise narrative of adventures among, and battles with, hostile Indians. Mr. Finerty's book will read like an enchanting novel in the hands of a girl, while to the man who was often hid by the smoke of battle in 1861-5, or at other times, the work will be of absorbing interest.

NO NEW CHAPTER CAN BE ADDED.
[*Bismarck Tribune.*]

Even those familiar with the history of the Custer massacre will read with fresh interest the graphic details leading up to that terrible slaughter, as related by the *Times* correspondent, Mr. Finerty, and now offered to the public in the volume with the above title. The campaign of 1879, on the British line, which embraces Gen. Miles' battle with Chief Joseph; Sitting Bull's last fight, and the rounding up of that expedition, which might be considered as a termination of Indian warfare, forms an interesting part of the volume and it may safely be asserted that no new material will ever be furnished that can add another chapter of like interest to the history of progress on this continent in supplanting barbarism with civilization.

PRICE: Full Cloth, $2.00; Half Morocco, $3.50; Full Morocco, $5.00. For Sale at the office of publication, No. 69 Dearborn-st., Room 46, Chicago, and by all leading Booksellers.

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To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. Address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl street New York.

$10 Battery Loaned.

If you are not enjoying perfect health, strength and vigor, we will lend you for 60 days one of Gray's Galvanic Body Batteries, price $10, you to pay for it if cured. It is for men only, and is the latest and best Electric Appliance invented. Current can be made strong or weak; turned on or off at will. Acts like magic in cases of Weakness, Premature Old Age, &c. Can we send you one at our risk? Electric Treatment Co., 259 Broadway, N. Y. City

ELECTRICAL HASH.

Lightning Flashes Captured from the News Wires.

LITTLE BOY LOST FOR FOUR DAYS.

Rescued When Nearly Dead from Starvation and Weariness—Some Fourth of July Celebrations—Report That W. J. Campbell Will Resign from the Republican National Committee—A Slimly Attended Colored Meeting Protests Against Southern Methods—Other News Items.

BRIDGETON, N. J., July 5.—After having been lost for four days in Lebanon, with nothing to eat except the bark of saplings, and with no shelter, Rafael Borosski, the 6-year-old child of Lazarus Borosski, has been found. Instead of the plump little chap who strayed away from his father's cottage last week his rescuers found an emaciated, shrunken, bleeding child, speechless from weakness and hunger, with the stare of a wild animal in his eyes and the color of death in his face.

How the Boy was Found.

Ever since the disappearance of the boy search parties have been scouring the county for some trace of the little wanderer. William Kean, who lives near the outskirts of the swamp, heard something which sounded like the cry of a child in distance. David Carmen and Frank Williams started out at once to follow this clue. For hours they searched and were finally rewarded by hearing a pitiful moan. Rushing to the spot they found the boy. He was lying on a little island, surrounded by water and was barely conscious. The bark of a tree near which the child lay was gnawed off, where the boy in his famished condition had torn it with his teeth.

Joy for the Despairing Parents.

His legs were torn and bleeding. The child stared at his rescuers with the wild eyes of one whose reason is shattered. His lips moved, but he seemed unable to speak. Tenderly one of the men picket him up and carried him back to the town. The parents, who had almost given up hope of his recovery, were nearly frantic with joy. Although unable to speak, the little chap recognized them and fainted in his mother's arms. A physician who was called in says the boy will recover unless pneumonia sets in.

HOW ST. LOUIS CELEBRATED.

Something on the Old Style with Modern Conveniences.

ST. LOUIS, July 5.—Independence Day was celebrated here on a grander scale than ever before. The weather was delightful. The exercises began in the morning with a monster parade, embracing government troops, military organizations and civic societies. The parade was reviewed by Governor Francis and staff and other officials. In the afternoon an old-time celebration was carried out at the fair grounds. After a salute of forty-four guns, the consolidated bands, numbering over 300 musicians, rendered "America," at the conclusion of which addresses were delivered by Governor Francis, ex Governor Johnson, and others. The afternoon and evening displays of fireworks were the finest ever witnessed here.

Observance at Chicago.

CHICAGO, July 5.—Independence Day was generally observed in Chicago and vicinity. At Fort Sheridan a salue of thirteen guns was fired in the morning and at midday there was a grand parade of the artillery, cavalry and infantry. The Cook county cabinet of the National Union celebrated the day in Hooley's theatre, where the declaration of independence was read and Hon. Carter H. Harrison delivered an address.

Great Parade at Omaha.

OMAHA, July 5.—Omaha indulged in an old fashioned celebration yesterday for the first time in many years. Six thousand men took part in the parade, and 50,000 people, citizens and visitors, were on the streets to witness the procession.

Celebration at Pittsburg.

PITTSBURG, Pa., July 5.—The greatest celebration of Independence Day ever seen in Pittsburg was held in Schenly park yesterday between the hours of 9 a. m. and 10 p. m. Probably 200,000 people visited the park during the day.

APPEAL FROM COLORED MEN.

A Slimly Attended Convention Held at Cincinnati.

CINCINNATI, July 5.—The national convention of representatives of the colored race assembled in the main audience-room of Zion Baptist church on Ninth street, this city, yesterday morning. It was called to meet at 11, and and at that hour there were only twenty-five delegates present. The object of the convention is to arouse a sentiment against the treatment negroes receive in the south because they are negroes. When Dan Rudd, editor of The American Catholic Tribune, called the meeting to order there were probably 100 present. Rudd was made temporary chairman and made a speech.

Position of the Colored Race.

He said that the colored race occupied a peculiar position, in that, being in law clothed with all the powers and privileges of the citizens, he was not permitted to use them as other citizens are. If they attempt to do so, in some parts of the contry, at least, they are murdered in cold blood. "If I am a man," he said, "I want the treatment of a man and my color has nothing to do with it. I believe in that republic which will protect every citizen in its borders, in the possession of all his rights and privileges. [Applause.] We cannot change the past. But we can, we must, and we shall change the future." Resolutions in line with this statement were adopted and the convention adjourned sine die.

Found a Leak in the Gas.

PITTSBURG, July 5.—Frantz's hotel at Braddock was completely wrecked by an explosion of artificial gas. An employe named Kelly went into the cellar to turn off the water. He carried a torch, and as soon as he reached the cellar the gas, which had escaped from a broken pipe, exploded. Kelly was badly injured. There were about fifty guests in the hotel and there was a panic, but all escaped in safety. The proprietor let himself down from an upper story with a rope made of bed clothes. Loss about $2,000.

Led the Charge at Cedar Creek.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 5.—Major J. Falls, a veteran of the Mexican war and of the war of the rebellion, and leader of the famous charge at Cedar Creek, died Sunday evening of general debility. Major Falls was born in Herkimer county, N. Y. He distinguished himself for his bravery in the Mexican war. When the war of the rebellion broke out he joined the Second California cavalry. At the battle of Cedar Mountain he led the cavalry charge on the Confederate ranks, which for daring and boldness of execution had but few equals during the war.

THOUGHT THEY HAD GRESHAM,

And the Effect Capped the Climax of Political Emotion.

But the most dramatic incident of the day had yet to come—an event scarcely describable in the English or any other language. As the first tumult subsided Taubeneck was seen to approach the chairman with a telegram in his hand. A Colorado delegate jumped on the platform and asked: "What is it Taub?" The reply was in a whisper, but was electrical in its effect on the Colorado man. "Gresham will accept!" he shouted. There was a low, murmuring sound like a distant warning, and then it grew and grew into a roar as though a dam had burst its borders and an avalanche of water was sweeping down from mountain to valley. Every man and every woman and every little one in the assemblage—and there were plenty of the latter—seemed to be lending their voices to the babel.

Two Antagonistic Frenzies.

Then almost as quickly as the story can be told the scene and its surroundings changed. The friends of Judge Gresham went fairly wild in the frenzy of their enthusiasm; the supporters of General Weaver in their frenzy of maddening disappointment and bitterness. The former danced about like the wild st of aborigines after a victory over a hated tribe, the latter howled and shrieked and gesticulated like madmen. Then scors of delegates of both elements made a break for the platform, and there amidst a throng they howled at each other until they were black in the face, each one meanwhile clamoring for the recognition of the chair "Trick, a dirty trick!" yelled an Iowa man he swung his fist in close proximity to the nose of Secretarsty Hayes, of the Knights of Labor.

Taubeneck Alone Keeps Cool.

Hayes swung his own big fist in the air, brought it down with a crash on the table and declared that nobody should charge him with being privy to any trick. On the floor the babel kept on until it seemed as if it shook the very roof and supports of the barn-like structure. All this time, cool and collected, Taubeneck held his place to the left of the chair. Now he climbed on the table, but the very sight of him infuriated the Weaver men until they again lost control of themselves and they howled and yelled until literally exhausted they fell back into their seats where they sat with a sullen and dogged look upon their faces.

GRESHAM AND THE COMMITTEE.

He Refers Them to His Telegrams as Definite Enough.

CHICAGO, July 5.—Judge Walter Q. Gresham arrived in Chicago last evening. He was met at his home, 2603 Prairie avenue, by the committee sent from Omaha to try and change his determination not to become the presidential candidate of the third party. This committee, consisting of Judge Orr, of Colorado, A. J. Streeter, of Illinois, and John Devlin, met with a rather cool reception. The conference lasted but a few moments and the committee departed within fifteen minutes after entering Judge Gresham's library.

"I simply referred Judge Orr and his associates," said Judge Gresham, "to my telegram addressed to the former last Saturday. I assured him that I had no other reply to make. The committee saw I was in earnest and made no attempt to prolong the interview."

Big Day for Base Ball.

CHICAGO, July 5.—Yesterday was a field day in base ball circles, two games being played nearly everywhere. League record: (Morning) At Chicago—New York 11, Chicago 2; at Pittsburg—Baltimore 5, Pittsburg 7; at Cincinnati—Boston 5, Cincinnati 9; at Cleveland—Washington 2, Cleveland 9; at St. Louis—Philadelphia 2, St. Louis 9; at Louisville—Brooklyn 4, Louisville 0. (Afternoon) At Chicago—New York 5, Chicago 12; at Pittsburg—Baltimore 2, Pittsburg 10; at Cincinnati—Boston 7, Cincinnati 6; at Cleveland—Washington 4, Cleveland 3; at St. Louis—Philadelphia 6, St. Louis 3; at Louisville—Brooklyn 7, Louisville 4.

Western: (Morning.) At Milwaukee—Indianapolis 9, Milwaukee 1; at Kansas City—Columbus 5, Kansas City 4; at Minneapolis—Fort Wayne 9, Minneapolis 10; at Omaha—Toledo 4, Omaha 1. (Afternoon.) At Milwaukee—Indianapolis 8, Milwaukee 6; at Kansas City—Columbus 2, Kansas City 3; at Minneapolis—Fort Wayne 7, Minneapolis 5; at Omaha—Toledo 3, Omaha 10.

Illinois-Iowa: (Morning) At Joliet—Rockford 5, Joliet 6; at Aurora—Rock Island-Moline 1, Aurora 0. (Afternoon) At Joliet—Rockford 5, Joliet 7; at Aurora—Rock Island Moline 7, Aurora 6.

CAMPBELL TO GIVE IT UP.

A Telegram Says He Will not Preside Over the National Committee.

MILWAUKEE, July 5.—H. C. Payne, the Wisconsin Republican leaders and member of the national committee sent yesterday to J. S. Clarkson the following telegram:

"Campbell will decline. Keep this private. I am posting our Washington friends so as to secure wisest action. Campbell will be in Washington tomorrow." The fact that this telegram had been sent leaked out accidentally tonight and caused much talk in Republican circles.

FIGHT AGAINST THE MINER LAW.

A Writ of Error Sends It Before the United States Supreme Court.

LANSING, Mich., July 1.—Colonel Henry M. Duffield, of Detroit, secured a writ of error from Chief Justice Morse yesterday to carry the case of William McPherson et al. vs the secretary of state, which involves the constitutionality of the Miner law, to the supreme court of United States. The Michigan Republicans are bound to fight the law to the bitter end.

A Romance Briefly Outlined.

FINDLAY, O., July 5.—Two years ago Miss Clara Hover, employed in a manufactory here, wrote her name on a mask she had just completed. Months later John McMurray, of Cleveland, wrote to her and yesterday the couple were in the east on their wedding trip.

What Will Elopers Do Now?

ABERDEEN, O., July 5—Beni Massie Beasley, who has married over 4,000 runaway couples here, is dying.

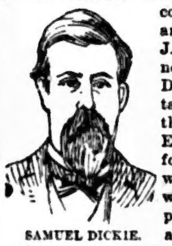
AQUA PURA ADVOCATES.

National Prohibition Convention at Cincinnati.

DICKIE CALLS THE BODY TO ORDER.

After Prayer and an Address of Welcome Ex-Governor John P. St. John Takes the Gavel as Temporary Chairman and Makes a Speech—The Ticket Nominated by the Indiana Republican Convention—Other Political News.

CINCINNATI, June 29.—Music hall was crowded Wednesday morning with delegates to the national Prohibition convention. At 10:26 Samuel Dickie, chairman of the national committee, called the convention to order and introduced Rev. J. G. Evans of Illinois to lead in prayer. Delegates and spectators alike rose to their feet as Dr. Evans approached the footlights, hands were clasped and eyes were closed while the preacher made his appeal to the throne of Grace. It was frequently interrupted with cries of "Amen," "Praise God," and "Glory to God." Dr. Evans prayed that the influence of the Spirit might be sent upon this great nation until the people had learned to love and honor God. That they might be united in one grand movement to rid the country from the wrong; that the rum traffic be driven from the country; that saloons might no longer exist; that poverty should cease to be. He prayed fervently for the overthrow of the evil designs of corrupt politicians, and that the men of power be placed in the hands of God-fearing men, who love God more than their party.


SAMUEL DICKIE.

Welcomed to the City.

This brought out renewed cries of amen and praise God. Dr. Evans closed with an earnest appeal for the blessing of Heaven on the doings of the convention, and the delegates resumed their seats. Just here the delegates clamored for some music, and the Silver Lake quarttete of New York responded with a couple of popular cold water selections and which were wildly received. A cordial reception was extended to Rev. Dr. Lockwood, pastor of the First Baptist church, when he was introduced to deliver the address of welcome. Chairman Dickie made a nice reply to the Queen City preacher. Amid great shouts of appreciation he said that he held in his hand a list of delegates showing that forty-three states and territories as well as the District of Columbia were represented. At this there was more cheering. But the convention decided that the list need not be read. From the national committee came a report recommending the selection of John P. St. John of Kansas for temporary chairman, and at the mention of the name of the ex-presinential candidate the convention made the hall ring with cheers. Hastings of Wisconsin and Evans of Illinois were appointed to escort him to the chair, and upon his appearance upon the platform the delegates rose to their feet, cheered and waved their hats for a full minutes.

Amendment to the Rules.

Repeated a plause punctuated the address, especially the reference to the platform and the question of non-fusion. When he concluded St. John was accorded another ovation. A. G. Wolfenberger of Nebraska, A. G. Wilson and G. F. Stevens of Massachusetts were made temporary secretaries. On the motion to adopt the rules of the last convention as amended by the national committee there was a desultory debate. J. B. Cranfield of Texas made an earnest argument in favor of allowing the chairman of a delegation to cast the full vote of the delegation even if some of its members were absent. He said that it had cost $2,500 to bring here the delegates from Texas now on the ground, and that they had not been able to get enough money to bring the entire state delegation. A division was called for and the amendment was adopted. The rules were then adopted without dissent. Cleghorn of Wisconsin rose at this juncture with an opportune resolution for the calling of the roll for members of the various committees, and by common consent the call was commenced.

RITTER FOR PERMANENT CHAIRMAN.

The Convention Declines to Let Absent Delegates Be Counted in the Vote.

CINCINNATI, July 1.—The Prohibition national convention Wednesday afternoon and evening got permanently organized with Colonel Ritter of Indianapolis in the chair, and decided that chairmen of delegations should not cast the votes of absentees, after which the convention adjourned to 9:30 Thursday morning.

It was 9:10 when the second day's session was called to order by Permanent Chairman Eli Ritter of Indianapolis.

The raising of the sinews of war was the next business to demand the attention of the convention. It was presented by President Evans of the Abington, Ills., college, and who made a stirring appeal for a big campaign fund. Subscriptions from states and individuals ranging from $1,000 down were received, the total being $20,000. The convention manifested its good humor over the result by cheers and at 12:15 took a recess until 2 p. m.

The Platform.

The convention reassembled promptly at 2 o'clock. The resolutions committee presented its report and the fight was transferred to the floor of the convention.

The platform reaffirms the declaration of the Indianapolis convention for absolute prohibition of the liquor traffic, making it a crime; declares that no citizen should be denied the right to vote on account of sex; that the money of the country should be issued by the general government and in sufficient volume to meet the requirements of the country, and should be full legal tender; favors free and unlimited coinage of silver and gold; declares that a tariff should be levied only as a retaliation against governments whose markets are closed against us; revenue should be obtained by tax levies upon the property of the country; declares that all men should be protected by law in the right to rest one day in seven; favors arbitration for the settlement of international disputes and denounces pools and corners. Resolutions also favor government control of transportation facilities; declare for restriction of immigration, and that no aliens should be allowed to own land, oppose all appropriations for sectarian schools and arraign the Republican and Democratic parties for being faithless to the principles of their illustrious leaders in the past and declare that they are no longer entitled to the confidence of the people.

Minority Report.

The minority report supports all of the platform except the currency and tariff planks. It says the tariff should be adjusted to furnish revenue for the government, should protect manufacturers against the competition of foreign labor, and favors a tariff commission instead of legislation by congress. It declares that the right to issue currency belongs to the government alone and should not be intrusted to private corporations. It favors the issue of treasury notes on a gold and silver basis.

TICKET AND PLATFORM.

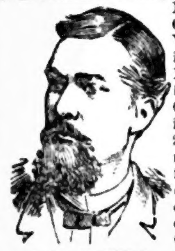
The Convention Winds Up Its Work After a Busy Day.

CINCINNATI, July 1.—John Bidwell of California and J. B. Cranfill of Texas are the nominees of the Prohibition party for president and vice president of the United States. This result was the ending of a long and somewhat boisterous day's work in convention, and was only reached a little before 2 o'clock Friday morning. Both of the day sessions of the convention were spent in long and at times heated debates over the platform, and when that matter was settled it was 10 o'clock before the work of nominating candidates really began. Oratory eulogistic of the candidates consumed some hours more, and it was exactly midnight when the result of the ballot for the candidate for president was announced.

There had been three names presented to the convention—John Bidwell of California, W. Jennings Demorest of New York, and Gideon Stewart of Ohio. Of those on the first ballot Bidwell received 590 votes, Demorest 139, and Stewart 179. Bidwell was accordingly declared the choice of the convention.

Cranfill for Vice President.

For vice president the candidates were: J. B. Cranfil of Texas, Joshua Levering of Maryland, Thomas Carskadden of West Virginia, and William Saterlee of Michigan. The first ballot resulted: Cranfill 409, Levering 357, Carskadden 21, and Saterlee 26—no choice. But before a second ballot could be had there enough changes recorded to make Cranfill's vote 416 and he was declared the nominee of the convention.


J. B. CRANFILL.

Struck on the Head and Killed.

MACOMB, Ills., July 4.—While Hugh Watson, a city official, was standing near a well that is being bored in the park, a two-inch plank fell from the scaffolding about thirty feet high and struck him on the head. He fell senseless to the ground and blood spurted from his ears and nostrils. The skull was fractured and he lived only a few hours. Mr. Watson was a prominent business man of the city and had served in many public offices.

Message from the President.

WASHINGTON, July 1.—The president sent a message to the senate Friday in which he states that the position taken by this government, as expressed in his previous communication to the senate, that the canal tolls and regulations of Canada, of which complaint has been made, are in violation of the treaty with Great Britain is not shaken but rather confimed.

Cyclone in Arkansas.

PINE BLUFF, July 1.—A cyclone passed over Garretson's Landing, twenty miles east of this city, Thursday morning and demolished everything in its path. Five buildings and a large gin house were completely wrecked. Trees were uprooted, fences blown away and crops greatly damaged. No lives were lost as far as known, but one man was seriously injured by flying timbers.

Suicide of a Woman.

CHICAGO, July 4.—A woman supposed to be Mrs. C. S Capps committed suicide in the toilet room on the fourth floor of 81 South Clark street Thursday night by cutting her throat from ear to ear. Beside the body was found a note in which the woman expressed regret at having been compelled to separate from her husband and to place her children with strangers.

Successful Jail Delivery.

LEADVILLE, Colo., July 4.—Fifteen prisoners carried out a successful jail delivery here at 4 o'clock Friday afternoon. For some months the men have been digging through the big six foot brick wall that leads to the alley. A hole four feet square was dug out and through that the men made their escape. A large posse of officers have gone after the prisoners.

Took His Life's Savings.

EASTPORT, Me., July 4.—Thursday evening two men called at John Black's farmhouse, near Lubec, and bound and gagged Black and his daughter, who tried to assist him. They then took $3,000, the life savings of the farmer, and departed. There is no clew to the robbers. Both Mr. and Miss Black were badly beaten.

Spread of the Cholera.

ST. PETERSBURG, July 4.—The cholera is increasing at Baku on the Caspian sea, notwithstanding the efforts of the authorities to stamp it out. The spread of this disease to Tiflis confirmed. It is rapidly extending there and throughout trans-Caucasia. The cholera has also made its appearance at Petrovsk, Astrachan.

British Steamer Seized.

VICTORIA, B. C., July 4—The United States revenue cutter Corwin has seized twenty-five sealing schooners and the British supply steamer Coquillon in Alaskan waters. Six thousand skins were found on board and the steamer was taken to Sitka to unload.

Yale Defeats Harvard.

NEW LONDON, Conn., July 4.—The great 'varsity race, four miles, eight oars, between Yale and Harvard, took place Friday evening, the crews getting away at 5:17. Yale won easily by sixteen lengths in 20:48; Harvard's time, 21:43¼.

The Exodus to Europe.

NEW YORK, July 4.—Over 5,000 people sailed for Europe Wednesday. The Inman line steamships City of Paris and City of Chester alone carried 2,038 cabin passengers.

BRIEF INFORMATION.

Events of a Week Condensed for the Busy Reader.

Celina, O., is crowded with young ladies, delegates to the fourth annual convention of the Epworth league.

Gottlieb Schlippf, aged 74, for the last five years an inmate of the soldiers' and sailors' home at Quincy, Ills., committed suicide in the cellar of cottage No. 6. Deceased lived at Decatur before entering the home.

A leather trust, with a capital of $1,000,000, has been formed in New Jersey.

The body of a white man about 40 years old was found floating in the river at St. Louis. Upon the body was part of a newspaper published at Alton, Ills.

The visible supply of wheat surprised speculators by decreasing 1,445,000 bushels, while corn increased 1,017,000 bushels.

A cyclone at Fort Yates, S. D., killed four Indians.

Three negroes were shot to death at Spurges, Tex. They had confessed to having assaulted Mrs. Beasely and her daughter near that place.

Convention of lumber dealers has begun in Cincinnati.

James Post, aged 65, of Milan, Ills., was drowned at that place.

According to the London Times the cholera has reached Tiflis. In their panic the Russian transcaspian censors are suppressing cholera telegrams to newspapers.

G. L. Wabber laid down on the Illinois Central track at Chicago Heights and was killed by a train.

John Fitzgerald of Lincoln, Neb., has gone to Ireland as one of a committee to conciliate the factions for home rule.

It is stated that the queen regent of Spain has signed a treaty according mimimum tariffs to Germany.

Creede, Col., has a big silver strike in the Eclat mine, ore running $800 to the ton.

Editor King of the Litchfield (Neb.) Monitor, was found in Grand Island a raving maniac. No cause is known for his loss of reason.

Snow fell Monday at Fountain City, nine miles from Winona, Minn.

⁂

The Ohio supreme court has declared the Massie law constitutional. The law requires the secretary of state to retain as fees for the state 1-10th of 1 per cent. of the capital stock of corporations for issuing certificates of incorporation or consolidation.

The Crockett clan, descendants of the immortal Davy, will celebrate the 106th anniversary of that deceased hero statesman at Ruthford, Tenn., on Aug. 17.

The Sligo blast furnace at Steelville, Mo., happened to be in the way of a cyclone that passed through the town and now there isn't any Sligo blast furnace.

In the United States there are 673,643 Free Masons and 647,471 Odd Fellows.

The patantee of the "drive well" has royalties estimated at $2,000,000.

A 14-year-old boy killed eighteen large rattlesnakes recently near Eugene, Or.

A petrified canoe is said to be the latest find in Wyoming.

It is stated in a fashionable London journal that 1,000,000 bonnets were sold in the British metropolis during one week recently.

Two mahogany tables that are souvenirs of the illustrious highwayman Jack Shepard, were sold in London recently for a guinea.

An old maid's insurance company has been opened in Denmark.

Rebellious khans have defeated the troops of the ameer of Afghanistan.

The will of the late Judge Sheldon M. Church of Rockford, Ills., has been probated. The document was executed twenty-six years ago, and leaves an estate of $250,000 to his widow and daughter.

⁂

The number of miles of railway built in the United States the first half of this year was 1,190 miles, 500 miles less than for the same period last year.

Letters of congratulation pour in upon the Hon. A. E. Stevenson incessantly. One has arrived from Harrison's new secretary of state, the Hon. John W. Foster. It expressed the latter's personal congratulation and good will on the subject of Mr. Stevenson's nomination.

Kaiser William has given out his intention to punish Bismarck for his criticism of imperial policy.

Crop reports on wheat continue very good, but on corn and oats are mixed and not particularly favorable.

The body of Frederick Wahlters was found hanging in his barn at Bloomington, Ills. He had been drinking for several days.

Frink Johnson of Burlington, Ia., has mysteriously disappeared and murder is hinted at.

Oats will harvest eighty-five bushels to the acre in Illinois, says the state board of agriculture.

M. Edouard Guerette, Belgian commissioner to the World's fair, is in Chicago to arrange for Belgium's art and manufacturers exhibit.

The David B. Hill club of New York city met and ratified the nomination of Cleveland and Stevenson and pledged its support.

Engineer Bellows of the Chicago and Alton road, was killed near Dwight in a wreck.

⁂

T. T. Drycinski, who was reported at Chicago to be dead, called at the morgue later to deny the rumor.

The Chicago university still wants $140,000 of the $1,000,000 for buildings it is trying to raise by July 10.

The indictments against the Rev. Thomas Dixon, Jr., of New York, for criminal libel, have been dismissed.

Allie Alexander was divorced at Indianapolis from Thomas Alexander, leading man for the T. B. Harrison Theatrical company. The decree was granted on the grounds of desertion.

In the United States court at Cleveland Judges Taft and Ricke rendered a decision whereby the Mahoning county courthouse and jail, valued at $100,000, becomes the property of Charles C. Young of Whitestown, N. Y.

James Tandon and a man named Watkins were killed by a dynamite explosion at Steel, Ala.

A jury has awarded Amos Van Winkle of Ottumwa, Ia., $2,400 damages from the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul road for the death of his son, who was killed a year ago.

Eli A. Spear, a prominent insurance man of Bay City, Mich., is dying from the effects of a paralytic stroke.

A laborer supposed to be O. C. Falk of Glenwood was killed at Lincoln, Ills., by a train on the Chicago and Alton road. Frank Harrison, a horsetrainer of Indianapolis, was also killed at Lincoln while stealing a ride on the Alton road.

Judge Gresham has ordered the sale of the entire property of the American Wheel trust.

Dr. Washington Gladden has been tendered the regency of the university of Illinois.

Twenty-five children are in a critical condition at Patoka, Ind., from eating poisoned ice cream.

Joseph Lawrence, generally known as "Montana Joe," was shot and instantly killed at Ely, Minn., by Mike Wallace. There was a hot discussion over drinks, when both men mutually agreed to go home, get guns, return, and settle the difficulty. The shots were fired simultaneously. Wallace was fatally hurt.

⁂

Preliminaries to the Behring sea arbitration are being arranged in Paris.

William Uhler and Samantha Saylor were convicted of infanticide at Seymour, Ind., and sentenced to five years imprisonment at hard labor.

James Livingston, a carpenter employed on the new Young Men's Christian association building at Grand Rapids, Mich., was killed by a falling trestle. His head was crushed to a pulp.

Louis Nickelson, a well-known lumberman, committed suicide at Stillwater, Minn., by kneeling in front of an approaching Wisconsin Central passenger train.

Street Superintendent Burke of Chicago says that $1,000,000 is not enough to clean the streets properly for the World's fair, and he will ask the finance committee for more money.

A coroner's jury at Monticello, Ills., concludes that Thomas Hickman, whose body was found on the Wabash tracks, was murdered.

About 5,000 people at Bloomington, Ills., ratified the nomination of Cleveland and Stevenson in the State University campus. Adlai E. Stevenson was present but did not speak.

Don Cameron Patterson, alias Rugar, a notorious criminal convicted about a year ago of embezzlement in the criminal court at Marshall, Mo., will be taken to Jefferson City to serve out a ten years' sentence in the penitentiary. The prisoner is closely related to Senator Don Cameron.

The explosion of a boiler in the works of the Wilmot Tile company of Wilmot, O. tore away one end of the buildikg, scattering the debris several hundred yards. Fortunately no loss of life resulted.

Leo Harry, the 4 year-old son of James L. Harry, was struck by an electric car at Grand Rapids, Mich., and killed.

An Iowa Central freight train collided with a horse at Oakville, near Keithsburg Ia., ditching the engine and five cars. Engineer John Anderson of Keithsburg was instantly killed.

International Monetary Conference.

WASHINGTON, July 4.—It is understood that the proposed international monetary conference was one of the subjects considered at Friday's cabinet meeting and that the president has decided to select three Republicans and two Democrats as the conferees on the part of the United States. According to the same authority Senators Allison and Jones of Nevada and Mr. H. W. Cannon will be selected to represent the Republican party, and Senator Carlisle and Mr. F. A. Walker the Democrats, with the possibility that Senator Daniel or Judge Lambert Tree may be chosen in place of Senator Carlisle. Senators Jones and Daniel are recognized champions of free coinage of silver, while the others named are regarded as advocates of a bi-metallic standard of values.

Chautauqua Assembly.

JAMESTOWN, N. Y., July 4.—The Chautauqua assembly opened Friday with several hundred people present. Between thirty and forty new cottages have been added to the grounds since last summer. Bishop Vincent's health will not permit of his giving personal attention to the assembly this season. He will spend most of the summer in California. The programme is very liberal to women this year and many well known lecturers will be heard. Among the prominent men who will take part are Professors Schurman and Tayler of Cornell, Ballington Booth of the Salvation Army and Professor Doremus of New York.

Inflicted 150 Wounds on Himself.

SAN BERNARDINO, Cala., July 4.—Joseph L. Merrill, son of Ex-Governor Merrill, of Iowa, and secretary of the Local Land and Water company, attempted suicide Friday by first cutting his throat with a pocket knife and then gashing himself about the head with an axe. When found he had no less than 150 wounds on his head, face and neck. They are not necessarily fatal. Merrill has been slightly deranged from overwork for several weeks.

Killed by a Cave-In.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., July 1.—Four men were killed while at work laying the stone abutments to a railroad bridge under Broad street in this city. The bank above them caved in, completely burying Patrick Sullivan, Leroy Libby, Pietro Grande and Pasquale Diorio. Two other workmen were partially buried, but were rescued alive.

What is Scrofula

It is that impurity in the blood, which, accumulating in the glands of the neck, produces unsightly lumps or swellings; which causes painful running sores on the arms, legs, or feet; which developes ulcers in the eyes, ears, or nose, often causing blindness or deafness; which is the origin of pimples, cancerous growths, or many other manifestations usually ascribed to "humors." It is a more formidable enemy than consumption or cancer alone, for scrofula combines the worst possible features of both. Being the most ancient, it is the most general of all diseases or affections, for very few persons are entirely free from it.

How can it be cured? By taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, by the cures it has accomplished, often when other medicines have failed, has proven itself to be a potent and peculiar medicine for this disease. For all affections of the blood Hood's Sarsaparilla is unequalled, and some of the cures it has effected are really wonderful. If you suffer from scrofula in any of its various forms, be sure to give Hood's Sarsaparilla a trial.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

CONSUMPTION.

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer who will send me their Express and P. O. address. T. A. Slocum, M. C., 183 Pearl St., N. Y.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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CHICAGO, JULY 9, 1892

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—"The County Fair."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Corner Clark and Washington Streets.—"Ali Baba."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—"Miss Helyett."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE,
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—"Jane."

M'VICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between Dearborn and State—Margaret Fleming.

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

SHOULD GLADSTONE FAIL, WHAT?

The Irish-American Peace Commission which left these shores recently with such high hopes of achieving a union of the warring Irish factions has reported its utter failure to accomplish the object of its mission during the election struggle, but holds out hopes that some accommodation may be arrived at after the fight is decided. From the reports already received of the British and Irish elections, it does not appear that Mr. Gladstone is so much ahead as he and his friends hoped to be. If he should win at all, unless all present appearances are deceptive, it will be by a small, and unworkable, majority. This would mean something tantamount to a defeat, and the consequent death of the moral force policy which has prevailed in Irish affairs since the accession of the Parliamentary party to power. No doubt the faction fight between the McCarthyites and the Redmond people has done very much toward throwing a damper on the British Liberal vote. The English nature is peculiarly suspicious of everything Irish, and, above all else, it dreads a change. The English mind has been drilled into the policy of centralization, and the Gladstonian programme rather appals it. "The integrity of the empire" holds first place in the British heart, and the British people have no respect for a nation that does nothing, and can do nothing, but petition and protest.

This has been the history of all of England's connection with peoples or provinces subject to her rule. The American Colonies had that experience. They went even farther than Ireland on the path of political humiliation, and endured even the murder of their fellow colonists by the hireling soldiery of George III before they sprang to arms, and finally wrested liberty, France nobly assisting, from the unnatural alleged mother country. Canada cried out year after year for reform, but no reform came until the abortive, in a military sense, uprising of 1837 opened the eyes of Great Britain to the danger of her position on the American continent. All the consideration Ireland has ever received at her hands was produced by deeds of violence, which only the desperate situation of the unfortunate country could justify. England, not Ireland, is responsible for the blood of slain landlords, strangled peasants and immolated secretaries and constables. English tyranny, rather than Irish bloodthirstiness, blew up Clerkenwell, shattered the interior of the house of commons and shook London Tower to its lowest foundations. Civilization stood appalled, but out of the smoke of the wrecks issued the spirit of fear that disestablished the Irish church, created the land laws and finally introduced the Home Rule bill of 1886. Since that year Ireland has been tranquil, except when Salisbury's police found it agreeable to the government to shoot down the people at peaceful meetings. But the death drain has gone on steadily. The sheriff and the bailiff have been abroad. The homes of the poor have been wrecked above their heads, and the wailing multitudes still go down to the sea in ships, with tear-dimmed eyes fixed in hopeful sorrow upon America or Australia. There is nothing in the Irish spectacle today that cheers, and should Gladstone be defeated, or fall short of his hopes, what will remain for the Irish people to do? No one man of the race can answer. The man who could have answered is cold and silent in the grave—sent there prematurely by the pusillanimous "conscience" of Mr. Gladstone, and by the unspeakable ingratitude of some of his own countrymen. It will need an earnest and intelligent congress of the Irish people at home and abroad to decide what can be done if Gladstone should fail. If, on the other hand, he should succeed, there can be no doubt that his political opponents will leave nothing undone to throw obstacles in the path of his final triumph. The Lords would, beyond question, throw out the bill, and, even if they did not, it is doubtful whether the prejudiced old Queen would give it the "royal sanction," and, if she did not, the Tories would take heart anew, because Gladstone could hardly hope to overcome the veto without resorting to revolutionary methods, for which age, training and predilections render him unfit. THE CITIZEN predicts that, if the Liberals fail this time, they will throw both Gladstone and Home Rule overboard, make terms with the Liberal-Unionists and devote themselves entirely to questions of English domestic reform.

THE PASSING OF THE PINKERTON FORCE.

The murderous proceedings at the Carnegie Steel Works, Homestead, near Pittsburg, Pa., have, very justly, shocked the whole country. Viewing the matter dispassionately, it cannot be denied that the responsibility for bloodshed rests upon those who brought the Pinkerton police, armed with Winchester rifles, to the scene of the strike and lockout. The Pinkerton force is, outside of cities where legitimate watching over property is to be done, unconstitutional, and its existence as an armed factor in the settlement of labor, or other social troubles is a menace to public liberty and an outrage on the free institutions of America. The Pinkerton army has no more right to exist here than any other foreign force. It is responsible only to its employers, but they, fortunately, are responsible to the law. The regularly constituted police, the sheriff's posse, the militia of the states, and, in extreme situations, the army of the United States, are the legitimate guardians of law and order in this Republic. The Pinkertonians have no charter from God or man to steep their hands in the blood of their fellow citizens. Their existence as a military body should be immediately terminated by all the state legislatures that have not already taken action to that effect.

It makes no difference which party fired the first shot at the Homestead works on Wednesday morning. The presence of an unauthorized and unpopular force was, of itself, an incentive to riot. It was shameful to place before the world the spectacle of two sets of American citizens murdering each other over a question that might have been easily arbitrated. The passions of an American mob—whether made up of native born or naturalized citizens, or a mixture of both—are always intense. The habit of personal independence, the liberty to bear arms, the absence of restrictive laws and of large standing armies, all these causes make an American mob the most formidable in the world, when thoroughly aroused. The rush to arms of the people at Homestead recalled the palmy days of the French revolution. The determination with which they assailed 300 disciplined men, possessing the best arms of precision, and protected by formidable floating barriers; the use of cannon, of dynamite, of burning oil—all these things showed a degree of martial spirit in the people which gave good earnest of what they would, and could, do if called upon to fight a foreign enemy. It is a pity that any of them should have marred their triumph in arms by maltreating the beaten Pinkertonians after they had duly surrendered. But it is next to impossible to control an angry and excited crowd in the moment of victory.

Up to date, there has been no accurate return of the casualties, but that they were heavy on both sides is manifest. This loss of life is to be deplored, and so also is the uncompromising spirit, whether it belongs to one or both sides, which drives labor and capital into armed conflict. There certainly ought to be some other way than that of mutual slaughter out of the difficulty. Whatever other results the battle of Homestead may evolve, it is certain that it will be famed in history as the Waterloo of the Pinkerton force. No sane man or prudent corporation would have recourse to their aid again after their rough and inglorious experience with the wage-workers of Pennsylvania.

GLADSTONE ON CLERICAL POWER IN IRELAND

Mr. Gladstone has, in addition to taking "the stump," in Midlothian and elsewhere, of late been wrestling mightily with the English Nonconformists—a very numerous and influential body—with the object of disabusing their minds of the idea, very strongly implanted, that the Irish Catholic people are absolutely ruled in temporal, as well as spiritual, matters by the Pope, the prelates and the priests. The old gentleman has, evidently, given much study to the question, and, as usual, fortifies his arguments with consummate ability. In addressing a Nonconformist gathering at Clapham Common last month, Mr. Gladstone, after referring to the "No Popery" manifesto issued by the Ulster anti-Home Rule convention, said:

"Well, now, I ask myself is it the fact that Irish Catholics submit tamely and servilely to the Pope, and is it the fact that the Irish Catholic laity submit servilely and tamely to their clergy? About three or four years ago there was a famous document that came from Rome called a Rescript from the Pope, and the whole mass of the Irish Catholics (in Ireland and America), including the clergy and almost every bishop, opposed this Rescript, and protested, led on by their members of parliament and others, that the Pope had no right to dictate to them the course that they were to pursue in political concerns. The speaker then went on to contend that the Irish Catholic body is not, as the experience of late years showed, altogether incapable of showing a firm front even towards the Pope whom they greatly revere, and to whom they are entirely loyal. Well, then, proceeded Mr. Gladstone, do the laity in Ireland always submit to the clergy? That is another question.

"Now, we have got a little light from facts also upon that subject, because it happens that a schism, which, I admit, we most of us in this country find it rather difficult to understand, has taken place between the majority and a considerable minority of the Nationalist party in parliament. I do not know their precise numbers but the minority claim to be one third part of the whole. Well, that one third includes a good many Catholics, and is organized for the precise purpose of resisting the politics of their clergy. How, in the world, when you have that large minority even now, is it possible to contend that the Irish Catholic laity know nothing but submission to the clergy? The question is, if there be an excessive power in the hands of the Roman Catholic clergy, what is the best cure for it? Our cure is to give liberty to Ireland.

Listen to the words of Mr. Lecky, and Mr. Lecky, though he is a strong and even bitter opponent of ours, yet is a man who is sworn to a faithful allegiance to historical truth. What says Mr. Lecky? 'Much has been said of the terrific force with which secularism would rage were the Irish parliament restored. We maintain on the other that no truth is more clearly stamped upon the face of history and more distinctly deducible from the constitution of the human mind than that the national feeling is the only check to sectarian passions.' Mr. Gladstone then proceeded to say that he had no fear with regard to the threats of the Ulster Unionists, and he said Lord Palmerston once used an admirable expression in the house of commons about the Emperor of Russia. He said, 'Unhappy is the position of that sovereign, who is the inheritor of triumphant wrong;' and depend upon it, that triumphant wrong, or the recollection of that wrong clings about the shoulders and the bodies of human beings like the shirt of Nessus.

"The right honorable gentleman then quoted from an old document published on behalf of Ulster by the great Volunteer Army—the highest Protestants of Ulster—who declared that a glorious spirit of toleration had united the once distracted Irish people and promoted respect for the laws, and he appealed to the Protestants of Ulster to consult their ancestors. They say they have read history. We try to read it, too. Let them consult the deeds of their ancestors. Let them act in the spirit of their ancestors, and their ancestors will tell them, first of all, as I have the words before me, that Irish freedom will remove 'forever all possible cause of jealousy between the sister kingdoms.' Secondly, that it will unite Protestants and Roman Catholics in Ireland into an indissoluble mass; and, thirdly, that it will restore social peace and stability to the country by promoting 'the most exalted reverence for the law.'"

NEW EDITION OF WOLFE TONE.

"Mr. R. Barry O'Brien, who, it will be remembered, fought a valiant battle with Mr. Parnell's friends in the memorable Kilkenny contest," says the London correspondent of the *Irish Independent*, "has just signed a contract with an eminent firm of London publishers for the production of a new edition of the autobiography of the great Irish revolutionist, Wolfe Tone. Many of your readers will remember the disparaging article on Wolfe Tone written by the nobleman whom Lord Rosebery described once in the house of lords as the "Cassandra of the Liberal Party." At that time Mr. Barry O'Brien was asked to write a reply to the attack of the Duke of Argyll upon that gallant patriot, but he replied that the best answer to the noble duke would be the republication of Wolfe Tone's autobiography. The first edition of this work was published in the year 1826, and, with the exception of one or two little books, there has been no reproduction of the autobiography since that date. In the edition which Mr. Barry O'Brien has now in hands there will be a connecting narrative supplied between the spaces now left in the journal. The narrative will also be continued in consecutive form, as in the previous edition the dates were mixed up in a somewhat confusing manner. The introduction will deal briefly with the 'United Irishmen' movement, and will also effectively dispose of the criticisms of his Grace of Argyle."

WILLIAM J. CAMPBELL is unable, because of professional engagements, to accept the position of chairman of the Republican National Committee. He will, however, it is said, accept a position on the executive committee of that body.

THE English papers, of both parties, admit that Gladstone is more eloquent, if that were possible, than ever before. His gains of seats, so far as heard from, are by no means equal to his hopes.

HENRY STANLEY had better get into the African woods and live among the Pigmies. The conceit was whaled out of him by the electors of North Lambeth on Tuesday. Mrs. Stanley, descended from Oliver Cromwell, thinks some of her countrymen are "real mean."

WILLIAM O'BRIEN, M. P., has been licked again by an Irish mob. He carries a black eye and a contused jaw.

THE news from Great Britain and Ireland is not particularly encouraging for the success of the Home Rule ticket.

JAMES B. WEAVER heads the Independent National ticket. James may get elected some other year, but hardly this year.

THE numerous friends of Ald. D. J. Horan will be sorry to learn that he lost his youngest child last week. Infantile trouble caused the death of the little one.

EDWARD P. BURKE.

The death of ex Ald. Edward P. Burke, which occurred on Friday morning of last week, caused profound sorrow among the many thousands of Chicagoans who were his personal friends. He was born of Irish parents, in Madison, Ind., some forty four years ago, and cast his fortunes with Chicago early in life. For many years he was connected, in a responsible position, with P. D. Armour & Co., and gave great satisfaction to his employers. Subsequently he engaged in the stone cutting business with Mr. McKeown, whose daughter he afterward married. While engaged in the stone business he was elected alderman of the Fifth ward, and, on the division of that ward into two constituencies, he was elected alderman of the new Sixth ward. A few years ago he built Burke's hall, a favorite place of social and political rendezvous for South Siders. Mr. Burke was always a strong Democrat in politics, but his pleasant manners and accommodating disposition made him staunch personal friends even among his political opponents. He also took a lively interest in Irish affairs, and was never missing from any meeting called in the interest of Ireland. He leaves a widow and several children, most of the latter being of tender years. The funeral services occurred on last Sunday morning, from the residence on Thirty fifth street, near Halsted, to the Church of the Nativity, of which the Rev. Father J. M Cartan is pastor. The concourse at the obsequies was immense, and the remains were escorted to Calvary cemetery by a long line of carriages, which contained hundreds of leading people of this city. Suitable resolutions in memory of Mr. Burke were passed at the last meeting of the city council.

THE NASHVILLE EMMET CLUB.

The Emmet Club gave a picnic of gigantic proportions at West Side Park, by way of celebrating the Fourth, and out of a pure good will which prompts its members to be thoughtful of their fellow men It was not expected that any profit would be made out of the celebration, although hundreds of tickets had been sold at 50 cents for gentlemen and 25 cents for each lady. Prizes and purses for racing were hung up. No liquors were sold on the grounds, and special provision had been made against any form of rowdyism and disorder. A band of music was on hand and there was dancing all through the day. Plenty of refreshments were sold at moderate prices.

Prizes were given for all kinds of games, including wheelbarrows, race with frogs, sack races, pie and cracker match, 100 yards foot race for men, bicycle race for boys under 15 years of age, foot race match for men and a good game of base ball.

There was a special purse for a gentlemen's race, a dash of three-quarters of a mile, took place at 4 o'clock. G. F. Combs and James Allen rode their own entries for this event, and several other entries were made. There was an entrance fee of $5 for this race.

A fast mule race was also one of the attractions. There were half a dozen or more entries in this race, which was for one mile and an eighth, the only time such a race had been attempted here. A purse was hung up for this event by the club. Any one having a fast mule could have entered free. There was also a slow mule race.

The club is a national organization and the Declaration of Independence was read at 10 in the forenoon by a member of the club.

The following committees had charge of the events of the day:

On Reception—James Killeles, chairman; Judge M M. Trecy, J. McGowan, Thomas Dougherty, P. H. Welsh, T. J. Tyne, D. Ryan, J. Mulloy, John J. McCormack, J. E. Hardman and O. J. Timothy.

Refreshment Committee—J. W. Johnson, chairman; M. J. Martin, A. Newell, H. J. Grimes and Thomas Flanigan.

Judges for the Races—Dr. J. M. Coyle, J. S Glenn and M. J. Laffy.

Floor Committee—James Compton, chairman; James J. Ford, John Bevington, H. Lynch, John F. Lomasney, F. Kerrigan, John Timothy and Thomas Bevington.

Amusement Committee—W. Varly, chairman; John M Lomnassey, Oney Glennon, John Skally, Wm. Mogan, P J Flanigan, J. L. Kane, John Holloran and John Brennan.

Gate Committee—James Carney, chairman; James Connor, Thomas Grady, John Downs, G. Stritch, Patrick Button, Patrick Newell, John Roach, Thomas McHugh and M. Newell.

Order Committee on Grounds—F. P. Fogarty. W. J. Holloran, James McGovern and Joseph Smith.

The programme for the day was: Grand game of base ball, called at 10 o'clock, between the firemen and machinists of Nashville, Chatanooga & St. Louis Railway, with new suits, which were purchased by the players. A valuable prize to the winning team, consisting of three balls and a half dozen bats. Other games and a cracker and pie eating match before dinner. Races at 2:30 p. m. Wheelbarrow and sack races after the races.—*Nashville American July 5.*

THE IRISH SOCIETIES.

Important Meeting of Their Executive Committee Held at McCoy's Hotel Last Saturday Night.

Appointment of Standing Committees to Take Charge of the National Demonstration on Aug. 15.

The Executive committee of the United Irish Societies of Chicago and Cook county met at the Club room of McCoy's Hotel last Saturday evening. There was a large attendance. The president of the United Irish Societies, John F. Finerty, called the gathering to order, and the following standing committees, for the purpose of taking charge of the Irish National Demonstration to be held at Ogden's Grove on the 15th day of August next, were announced and unanimously confirmed:

Speakers—John J Mahony, chairman; James C. Strain, J. J. O'Connell, W. H. Joyce, John Dowling, Lawrence Henely, M. P. Brady, Walter J. Gibbons, M. J. Keane, Daniel O'Connor, William Madden, John P. Dougherty, Prof. John McCarthy, Roger C Sullivan.

Reception—William H Joyce, chairman; John J. Fitzgibbon, Francis Agnew, Daniel Corkery, Col. James H. Lynch, P. V. Fitzpatrick, Francis T Colby, Roger C. Sullivan, Thomas H Cannon, W. H. Lyman, Prof John J McCarthy, John W. McCarthy, John E. Long, Ald. William F. Mahoey, Ald. John Powers, Ald. Martin Morrison, Ald. M. J. O'Brien, John J. Mahony, James McLaughlin, Lawrence Henely, J J. O'Connell, T. F McCarthy, John F. Healy, John F. O'Malley, Michael Fitzgerald, J F Keating, James C Strain, Daniel O'Connor, Edward Cosgrove, Patrick Loftus, Miles Kehoe John McCaffrey (West Side) John McCaffrey (North Side), James Farrell, P M. Kelly, William Gavin, Thomas Hand, M. J. Kelly, John Dowling, James O'Toole, J J. McDonnell, M. O'Connor, J. F. O'Connor, James Lyman.

Entertainment of Invited Guests—Wm. McCoy, chairman; M J Keane, John Powers, James Bradley, P. B. Flannigan, James C Strain, John W. Stanton, M J Kelly, F D. Kinsella

Grounds—Captain Lawrence R Buckley chairman; William Gavin, Michael McInerney, P. V Fitzpatrick, P F Ryan, Thomas McDermott, John E Long, Michael Fitzgerald, Thomas Murphy, Henry Fleming, William Houlahan, John Gibbons, Patrick O'Brien, John Beegan, Daniel Coughlin, John McHugh, Maurice Moore, Michael Harrington, James O'Malley, Martin Geraghty, Captain Thomas A Beckett, Thomas Finigan, John McEniff, Edward Murphy, Patrick Scott, Patrick Finerty, James Doran, Maurice Coffee.

Address and Resolutions—Daniel Corkery, chairman; Matthew P. Brady, John J Fitzgibbon, P V Fitzpatrick, John Dowling, Andrew G. Duggan, P. B Flannigan, T. F. McCarthy.

Printing and Stationery—Hugh K Jordan, chairman; Frank D Kinsella, Timothy F McCarthy, Daniel O'Connor James T Clarke, P. F. Conway, M J Keane

Press—James C Strain, chairman; M J. Kelly, J J O'Connell, Hugh K Jordan, M. J. Keane, John Dowling, P B Flannigan.

Transportation—Ald. Wm F. Mahony, chairman; John E Long, John Powers, Francis Agnew, Daniel Corkery, Ald Martin Morrison, Ald. M. J O'Brien, John McEniff, Bernard Quinn.

Police—Ald. John Powers, chairman; John E Long, Col. W. H Lynch, Walter J. Gibbons, W. H. Lyman, Ald. M. J O'Brien, Ald. Martin Morrison, Patrick Loftus.

Music—Patrick O'Brien, chairman; P F Conway, Thomas O Neill Jones, M.J Kelly, John Dowling, Francis McGuire, Patrick Morris, David Almon, Thomas McCarthy.

Decoration—Martin Mulcahy, chairman; William Madden, David L. Barry, P F Ryan, Col. James H Lynch, Thomas Finigan, Peter Doyle, William Carroll, Lawrence King, John Healy, James Bradley, Patrick Kinslow.

Fireworks—John Dowling, chairman; Thomas F. Burke, Martin Geraghty, W. H. Kelly, M. W. Williams, Maurice O'Shea, Charles Callanan, Lawrence Henely, J. J. O Keefe, Edward Ring.

Refreshments—John McGovern, chairman; Patrick O Brien, James O'Toole, Henry Fleming Thomas McDermott, P.F. Ryan, Jere Monahan, Thomas Fitzgerald, C J McCarthy, John Maloney, Michael Kennedy, James Doran.

The executive committee then went into session, and elected M. J. Kelly chairman, with John Dowling, T. F. McCarthy and Andrew G Duggan as secretaries. After transacting some important routine business, the committee adjourned to meet in the same place this (Saturday) evening, July 9 at 8 o'clock.

A SCATHING REPLY TO ULSTER.

Mr. John Morley was the principal speaker at a Liberal meeting at Accrington on Monday. His promise to speak at Accrington was one of long standing, and his visit was made the occasion of a great demonstration, in which Liberals from the surrounding districts joined. The principal gathering was in the Prince's Theatre, which seats 2,000 persons, an overflow meeting being held in the Town Hall, where another 1,500 assembled, both buildings being crowded to excess fully an hour before the commencement of the proceedings.

Mr. Morley, who was warmly received, said that the coming election was a most critical one, because it would settle for some time what were to be the relations of the English and Irish democracy. Constituencies, however, were not now unprepared as in 1886. They had had six years' experience of Tory misrule, and he looked with confidence to the result of the contest. Referring to the Belfast convention he admitted that there were things to be said against Home Rule and difficulties in the way of it, but such difficulties were not those which were described, and when described relied upon at Belfast. He combated many of the arguments used there, and urged that nothing had been said to alter one jot or tittle of the conviction of those in favor of Home Rule. If the Conservatives should win the elections Home Rule as a question would still be maintained, followed by six more years of agitation in Ireland. Replying to the Duke of Abercorn's statement that they were threatened with the loss of civil and religious liberty, he said if even there were a solid and a large Catholic majority he, for his part, would have no fear; but nobody expected a solid Catholic majority. They knew how parliamentary groups work, and that it was impossible that there should be a combination of those Irish Nationalist groups which should unite for the stupid and wicked purpose of a crusade against the religious liberties of their own countrymen. Another warning or menace was that if they had an Irish legislature the Ulstermen would hold aloof. Were they really asked to believe that those stout men in the northeast corner of Ulster would stand indifferently by when the time came to elect representatives and allow the minority to return representatives to an Irish parliament. He did not believe a word of it. He was glad to see nothing was said and little was indicated, even at that great in many ways excited gathering at Belfast the other day about armed marches from Belfast on to Dublin. If they refused to give them the opportunity of presenting the Home Rule scheme before the parliament they were in, and these good Irishmen were in for six more years of idle and distracting strife; six more years of confusion, which did infinite mischief to Ireland, which spread disturbance in the minds of Englishmen, and which left every difficulty in Ireland, not what it was, but worse than it was, he wondered if they felt what he did, how humiliating it was to them to see England so mighty and so prosperous on the one side, and just over a few miles of sea the sister country gaunt, haggard, scarred, and seamed with tribulation, with affliction, with all the bad passions that tribulations and oppression and afflictions born of oppression engendered. They would have six more years if members of parliament locked up Home Rule—six more years of distraction, because marked distraction would break out in Ireland if that election should go against them. They would have six more years of turmoil and distraction in Ireland, and for six more years would the British parliament be handicapped by Irish questions. He appealed to them with confidence to give their support to the only cause which would at once relieve their parliament of a paralyzing burden and give to Ireland the same chance of enlisting the energies of her best sons of all persuasions and all creeds in the regeneration of their unfortunate and ill-used land. (Cheers)

MRS CURLEY HOMESTEAD FUND.

The treasurer of the Mrs. Daniel Carley Homestead Fund acknowledges the following subscriptions:

Rev. J. M. Cartan, Thirty-seventh street and Union avenue	$50.00
H. R. Eagle & Co., Wabash avenue	50 00
Rev. J. J. Greene, St. Rose of Lima, Forty-eighth street and Ashland avenue	20 00
Rev. M O'Sullivan, Thirty-seventh street and Union avenue	20 00
John Doody, No. 1201 Stone avenue, Town of Lake	10 00
Rev. Thomas Smith, Belvidere, Ill	10.00

All checks and orders connected with this fund should be made payable to the treasurer, Rev. M O'Sullivan, Church of the Nativity, Thirty-seventh street and Union avenue, Chicago, Ill.

The Gaelic Class.

Last Sunday the class was well attended and two new students were added to the list, one of whom was a young lady. Three chapters from the Imitation were read under the instruction of Mr. O'Gallagher, V. P. The improvement of the readers in this advanced class is very noticeable. It was requested by Miss Vaughan that after school hours some time should be spent in Irish conversation. This was at once accorded, and Miss Vaughan thanked for her wise suggestion Henceforth familiar colloquies in Irish will be held for twenty minutes every Sunday, which will shortly give courage to the native born learners to essay to speak, and will soon enable them to *think* in Irish. We need some No. 2 primers badly, and hope the *Irish-American* office will issue them at once.

The school is held in City Clerk Van Cleve's office, first floor of City Hall, from 3 to 5 p m., and as no charge for tuition or school rent is demanded, patriotic Irishmen and ladies should make haste to learn the language of their ancestors.

MAURICE CREAN, Sec'y.

Two Daily Trains to Montana and Pacific Coast.

On and after April 3 the Northern Pacific railroad will run two daily trains to Helena, Butte, Spokane, Tacoma, Seattle and Portland, leaving St. Paul at 9 a. m. and 4:15 p. m., respectively, with complete equipment of Pullman first-class sleepers, tourist sleeping cars, free colonist sleepers, day coaches and dining cars.

Through Pullman and tourist sleeping cars will leave Chicago 10:45 p. m. daily, via Wisconsin Central line, for Montana and the Pacific Northwest. First-class vestibule sleeper will leave Chicago 6 p m. daily, via C, M. & St. P. Ry. for Butte, Spokane, Tacoma and Portland.

Montana, Eastern and Western Washington Folders, "Wonderland" Book, Sportsmen's Guide, Yellowstone Park, Broadwater, Hot Springs and Alaska Folders for the season of 1892, are now out of press. Any of these publications will be mailed free on application to general or district passenger agents, Northern Pacific railroad, or to Chas. S Fee, G. P & T. A. N P. R. R. St Paul Minn.

The Grip

Leaves its victims very weak and debilitated. Hood's Sarsaparilla is just what is needed to restore the strength and vigor so much desired and to expel all poison from the blood.

Hood's Pills cure Sick Headache.

Two Harvest Excursions

HALF RATES TO THE WEST.

Aug 30 and Sept. 27. On these dates the BURLINGTON ROUTE will sell tickets from Chicago, Peoria and St. Louis to the farming districts of Nebraska, Colorado and Northern Kansas. Half rates will apply, and tickets will be good for twenty days. Nebraska in one year produced three hundred million bushels of corn, besides other grain, fruit and live stock. Write for free pamphlets, maps, etc., to P. S EUSTIS, G. P. A., Burlington Route, Chicago, Ill.

Premature baldness may be prevented and the hair made to grow on heads already bald, by the use of Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer.

THE LAST CONQUEST

Ireland (Perhaps) Being a History of the Causes That Led to the Failure of the Repeal Movement in 1843, and

To the Desolating Famine of 1847-50, by the Late John Mitchel.

CHAPTER VI.

On Nov 2 1843, in the Court of Queen's Bench, Dublin, began one of the most remarkable comedies of modern times—the trial of the Repeal "Conspirators." To spectators from other lands it was, doubtless, highly entertaining, and, indeed, Irishmen themselves, being naturally prone to merriment, could not but laugh. Yet, to thoughtful minds in that country, there was somewhat tragic in the comedy—seeing that it was enacted in the high courts of law, with aged and venerable judges for actors, and many deemed it an irreverent and demoralizing species of play.

To begin with the "jury"—(a word which I enclose by inverted commas purposely)—the sheriff of Dublin was, of course, a nominee of the crown, instead of being elected, as in England, like other municipal officers. The inhabitants of Dublin qualified to serve on juries were in the proportion of three Catholics to one Protestant, and it was the business of the sheriff to take care that not one of these Catholics should be on this jury, or any other jury, to try what is called a "political offense." But, further, there were large numbers of the Protestant residents of Dublin favorable to the repeal of the Union, as, in fact, over and above the general interest of the whole country in that measure, Dublin had a special interest, as the metropolis. The sheriff's function, then, was to make it sure that none of those Catholic residents should be on the jury. This limited his range of selection to a small number—Orangemen, English men and tradesmen, "by special appointment," to the lord-lieutenant; in short to men whose vote (which was, however, to be called a "verdict") might be counted upon with the utmost certainty. It was to be a part of the performance that these men, being so well and truly packed, should make oath on the Holy Bible, to give a true verdict according to the evidence—so help them God!

A revisal of the special jury-list took place before Mr. Shaw, recorder of Dublin, with a special view to these trials. The names, when passed by the recorder from day to day, were then sent to the sheriff's office, to be placed on his book. Counsel were employed before the recorder to oppose by every means the admission of every Catholic gentleman against whom any color of objection could be thought of; yet, with all this care, a large number of Catholics were placed on the list. As the names were transferred to the sheriff's office, it happened that the slip which contained the largest proportion of Catholic names missed its way, or was mislaid, and the sixty-seven names it contained never appeared on the sheriff's book. This became immediately notorious, and excited what one of the judges called "grave suspicion."

In striking a special jury in Ireland forty-eight names are taken by ballot out of the jurors' book in the crown office. Then each party, the crown and the traverser, has the privilege of striking off twelve, leaving twenty-four names. On the day of trial, the first twelve, out of these twenty-four, who answer when called, are sworn as jurors. Now, so well had the sheriff discharged his duty in this case, that of the forty-eight names there were eleven Catholics. They were all struck off by the crown, and a "jury" was secured on whose patriotic vote her majesty could fully rely.

Of course the "Conspirators," through their counsel, challenged the array on the express ground of fraud in the matter of the list of names which missed its way as aforesaid; and of the four judges, one, Perrin, gave his voice for quashing the whole proceeding and letting the crown begin anew; but the other three held the jury panel to be good enough, and the drama was to proceed.

The indictment covered, with close print, the skins of a flock of sheep; the parchment monster measured thirty-three yards in length, and gave a history of the whole agitation, including speeches at monster meetings and ballads from the *Nation*. The most eminent counsel in Ireland were employed at either side, with hosts of juniors, and the ingenuity of every one of them was exerted for many weeks to devise motions, affidavits, demurrers, pleas in abatement, and the other incidents of a highly-developed and full-blown state prosecution. The trial proceeded, and both inside and outside the courts there was a strange mixture of jest and earnest. The attorney-general was T. B. C. Smith (afterwards master of the rolls), a very small, withered gentleman, of great learning, but most peevish temper, and very sensitive to taunt and ridicule. Of taunt and ridicule therefore, he had plenty, both in the court and the newspapers. Stung to madness, he at last slipped to Fitzgibbon, in open court, a pencilled note, requiring that gentleman to name a friend and meet him next morning in mortal combat. Fitzgibbon read the note to the judges, and they mildly rebuked the rancorous little public prosecutor. Day after day passed, and week after week; O'Connell and the traversers all the time attending public festivals and Repeal meetings, and organizing the Repeal wardens in a more compact and steady power. All the world soon perceived that the cause of the country in no way depended on what was passing in the queen's bench, and the trials would have been absolutely devoid of interest, but for the brilliant speeches of Shiel, Whiteside and MacDonagh, and the occasional jokes which enlivened the galleries and awaked the judges.

Early in February the trials ended, and when the chief justice, in his charge to the jury, argued the case like one of the counsel for the prosecution, and so far forgot himself as to term the traversers' counsel "the gentlemen on the other side," there was more laughter than indignation throughout the country. The jury brought in their verdict of GUILTY, of course. O'Connell addressed a letter to the people of Ireland, informing them that "the Repeal" was now sure; that all he wanted was peace, patience and perseverance, and that if they would only "keep the peace for six, or, at most, for twelve months more," he would promise Repeal. Having published this letter, he went straight to London, and strode into parliament, where he was received with a tumult of acclamation by the Whigs, then out of place, who saw in his whole movement nothing more than a machinery to raise them to power. It was while they were engaged in a debate on the state of Ireland, that O'Connell stalked into the house. He had got somewhat to say on the state of Ireland. But before going farther, take two extracts from the speeches of Lord John Russell and of Mr. Macaulay, in that debate—both of them, being then out of place, zealous for "Justice to Ireland," and highly indignant at the packing of juries. Said Lord John Russell:

"Nominally, indeed, the two countries have the same laws. Trial by jury, for instance, exist in both countries; but is it administered alike in both countries? Sir, I remember on one occasion when an honorable gentleman, Mr. Brougham, on bringing forward a motion, in 1823, on the administration of the law in Ireland made use of these words: 'The law of England esteemed all men equal. It was sufficient to be born within the king's allegiance, to be entitled to all the rights the loftiest subject of the land enjoyed. None were disqualified, and the only distinction was between natural-born subjects and aliens. Such, indeed, was the liberality of our system in times which we called barbarous, but from which in these enlightened days it might be as well to take a hint, that if a man were even an alien born, he was not deprived of the protection of the law. In Ireland, however, the law held a directly opposite doctrine. The sect to which a man belonged, the cast of his religious opinions, the form in which he worshipped his Creator, were grounds on which the law separated him from his fellows, and bound him to the endurance of a system of the most cruel injustice.' Such was the statement of Mr. Brougham when Mr. Brougham was the advocate of the oppressed (hear, hear). But, sir, let me ask, was what I have just now read the statement of a man who was ignorant of the country of which he spoke? No; the same language, or to the same effect, was used by Sir Michael O'Loghlen in his evidence before the house of lords. That gentleman stated that he had been in the habit of going the Munster circuit for nineteen years, and on that circuit it was the general practice for the crown in criminal prosecutions to set aside all Catholic and all the liberal Protestants; and he added, that he had been informed that on other circuits the practice was carried on in a more strict manner. Sir Michael O'Loghlen also mentioned one case of this kind which took place in 1834, during the lord lieutenancy of the Marquis of Wellesley, and the attorney-generalship of Mr. Blackburne, the present master of the rolls, and in which, out of forty-three persons set aside (in a cause too, which was not a political one), there were thirty-six Catholics and seven Protestants, and all of them respectable men. This practice is so well known, and carried out so generally, that men known to the Liberals, whether Catholics or Protestants, have ceased to attend assizes, that they might not be exposed to these public insults. Now, I would ask, are these proofs of equal laws, or laws equally administered? Could the same or similar cases have happened in Yorkshire, or Sussex, or Kent? Are these the fulfillment of the promises made and engagements entered into at the Union?"

This sounds extremely fair. Who would think that Lord John Russell was Prime Minister in '48! Mr. Macaulay said, in the same debate (Feb. 19, 1844):

"I must say, too, in the spirit of truth, that the position which Mr. O'Connell holds in the eyes of his fellow countrymen, is a position such as no popular leader in the whole history of mankind ever occupied (loud cheers). You are mistaken if you imagine that the interest with which he is regarded is confined only to the island. Go where you will upon the continent, dine at any *table d'hote*, tread upon any steamboat, enter any conveyance, from the moment your speech betrays you an Englishman, the very first question asked—whether by the merchants or manufacturers in the towns in the heart of France, or by the peasants, or by the class who are like our yeomen in this country—is, what has become of Mr. O'Connell (cheers, and cries of oh, oh)? Let those who deny this assertion take the trouble to turn over the French journals (cheers). It is a most unfortunate, it is a most unhappy fact—but it is impossible to dispute it—that there is throughout the continent a feeling respecting the connection between England and Ireland not very much unlike that which exists with respect to the connection between Russia and Poland.

"I do not say that on this question it is of the greatest importance that the proceedings which the government have taken should be beyond impeachment, and that they should have obtained a victory in such a way that that victory should not be to them a greater disaster than a defeat. Has that been the result (cheers). First, is it denied that Mr. O'Connell has suffered wrong? Is it denied that if the law had been carried into effect without those irregularities and that negligence which has attended the Irish trials, Mr. O'Connell's chance of acquittal would have been better? —no person denied that. The affidavit which has been produced, and which has not been contradicted, states that twenty-seven Catholics were excluded from the jury-list (hear, hear, from Mr. Shiel). I know that all the technicalities of the law were on the side of the crown; but my great charge against the government is, that they have merely regarded this question in a technical point of view. We know what the principle of the law is in cases where prejudice is likely to arise against an alien, and who is to be tried *de medietate linguæ*. Is he to be tried by twelve Englishmen? No; our ancestors knew that that was not the way in which justice could be obtained; they knew that the only proper way was to have one-half of the jurymen of the country in which the crime was committed, and the other half of the country to which the prisoner belonged. If any alien had been in the situation of Mr. O'Connell, that law would have been observed. You are ready enough to call the Catholics of Ireland 'aliens,' when it suits your purpose; but the first privilege, the only advantage, of alienage, you practically deny them (hear, hear, and loud cheers)."

This orator also was a member of the administration in 1848, and he did not utter any of his fine indignation at what was done then, of which I shall hereafter give some account. Bear in mind these fair and liberal protestations of Russell and Macaulay, until we come down four years later in this history.

The debate lasted more than a week. O'Connell listened to it, and, at last, amid breathless silence, arose. He did not confine himself to the narrow ground of the prosecution, but reviewed the whole career of British power in Ireland, with bitter and taunting comments. As to the prosecution, he treated it slightly and contemptuously:

"I have at greater length than I intended, gone through the crimes of England since the Union—I will say the follies of England. I have but little more to say, but I have in the name of the people of Ireland—and I do it in their name—to protest against the late prosecution (loud cries of hear hear). And I protest, first against the nature of that prosecution. Forty-three public meetings were held, and every one of them was admitted to be legal, not one was impeached as being against the law, and every one of them making on the calendar of crime a cypher; but by multiplying cyphers you come, by a species of legal witchcraft, to make a number that shall be fatal. One meeting is legal, another meeting is legal, a third is the same; and three legal meetings, you say, make one illegal meeting. The people of Ireland understand that you may oppress them, but not laugh at them. That, sir, is my first objection. The second is the striking out all the Catholics from the jury panel. There is no doubt of the fact. Eleven Catholics were upon the jury panel, and every one of them was struck out."

All the world knew it. Nobody pretended to deny it, or publicly to excuse it; but what availed all this? The ultimatum of England was, that the Union must be maintained at any cost and by all means. And O'Connell was to return to Dublin by a certain day for judgment and sentence. It may have been some satisfaction to him—or it may not—to expose and turn inside out the whole procedure of that trial before English audiences; the loud laughter of all Liverpool may have pleased him, when he described, with exuberant merriment, the nature of the cumulative crime, contained in his monster meetings—one meeting legal, another meeting legal, but forty-three illegal. Said he, in Liverpool:

"What would a merchant of this city say if a fellow, just escaped from some lunatic asylum, were to come into his office and request him to tot up forty-three noughts? Would he not turn the mad fellow out of his office? This is what I want done to the present ministry—I want them turned out of office."

This was extremely gratifying and amusing to Liverpool Whigs who looked only at the chances of their friends coming into power. But no man in all England ever, for one moment, suffered the idea to enter his head that Ireland was to be in any case permitted to govern herself.

In truth it was apparent both to Englishmen and Irishmen, that the real struggle between the two islands did not lie in the court of the queen's bench, but in the country—and that it would be decided, not by the learned judges with their packed jury, but by the Repeal wardens on the one side, and the troops and police on the other. And British Whigs could well afford to let O'Connell have a legal triumph, to the damage of British Tories, so long as the real and substantial policy of England in Ireland was pursued without interruption. As to this point, there must be no mistake; no British Whig or British Tory regarded the Irish question in any other point of view than as a question on which might occur a change of ministry.

An army of 50,000 men including police, was all this while in full military occupation of the island, the Arms Bill had become law, and in the registration of arms before magistrates, under that act, those who were in favor of their country's independence were usually refused the privilege of keeping so much as an old musket in their houses for the purposes of self defense. This same registration made manifest the fact that the Protestant "gentry" of the country were providing themselves with a sufficient armament. For example Mrs. Charlotte Stawell, of Kilbritton Castle, registered "six guns and six pistols," and Richard Quinn, of Skivanish, "nine guns, one pair pistols, two dirks, two bayonets, and one sword." No objection was offered against these persons keeping as many fire-arms as they chose! So worked the Disarming Act.

The police barracks were strengthened; the detectives were multiplied; the regular troops were kept almost constantly under arms, and marched to and fro with a view of striking terror; improved codes of signals were furnished to the police, for use by day and by night—to give warning of everything they might conceive suspicious, and, above all, the postoffice was used systematically as a bureau of espionage. During the progress of the trials, Mr. Gartlan, one of the attorneys for the traversers and Mr. O'Mahony were surprised to see their private letters printed in the government newspapers of Dublin. Sir Edward Sugden and the secretary of State for Ireland had issued warrants under which the correspondence of any suspected person was to be carried to the castle, opened by a government clerk, copied, resealed and forwarded as if nothing had happened. The extent to which this system operated was hardly appreciated, until the discovery, during this same year, 1844, of Sir James Graham's behavior with respect to the correspondence of Mazzini, the Italian. By diligent inspection of the letters to and from Mazzini, the British minister was enabled (in the interest of good order, tranquility and civilization), to give notice to the King of Naples of all the movements and designs of the brothers Banniera, and thereby had the satisfaction of putting it in that monarch's power to entrap, capture and kill those rash young men.

It has been the custom, ever since the "Union," for either the lord lieutenant, or secretary, or any of the lords justices or privy councillors, to order the detention in the postoffice of letters to and from any person whomsoever they might think fit to suspect, or pretend to suspect. The mode of opening the letters was by softening the seals or wafers by means of steam, and the government kept workmen cunning in resealing, so that the parties might not conceive suspicion, and thus be put on their guard. After the Mazzini case was exposed the British public affected to be indignant, and the house of commons appointed a committee to investigate. That committee very coolly informed the British public and the rest of mankind that the practice was not new—was common—was needful, and gave the public names and dates to make the most of. Confining myself to Irish cases alone, it appears by this report that warrants were issued at the following times by the following persons, for opening and copying the letters of various individuals:

"Year 1833—Marquis of Anglesey.
1834—E. J. Littleton (secretary).
1834—Marquis Wellesley.
1835—Earl of Mulgrave (afterwards Marquis of Normanby)
1836—Ditto.
1836—T. Drummond (secretary).
1837—Ditto.
1837—Lord Plunket (one of the lords justices).
1837—Archbishop of Dublin (ditto).
1838—Lord Morpeth (secretary afterwards Earl of Carlisle)
1839—Marquis of Normanby.
1839—Lord Viscount Ebrington.
1839—Gen. Sir T. Blakeney (one of the lords justices).
1840—Lord Viscount Ebrington.
1841—Chief Justice Bushe (one of the lords justices).
1841—Earl De Grey.
1842—Ditto.
1842—Sir E. Sugden (one of the lords justices)
1843—Earl De Grey."

The British public, seeing the thing to be "necessary," said no more about it, and the practice has continued in full activity from that day to this.

With so firm a hold upon the island, the British ministers might have thought themselves in a condition to abandon their questionable prosecution, but they had the idea that O'Connell's power lay very much in the received opinion of his legal infallibility, so they were resolved to imprison him, at any rate for a short time—even though he should finally trample on their prosecution and come forth in triumph—as in fact he did.

On the 30th of May the "Conspirators" were called up for sentence, and were imprisoned in Richmond penitentiary—a suburban prison at the south side of Dublin, with splendid gardens and handsome accommodations. Here they rusticated for three months, holding *levees* in an elegant *marquee* in the garden, addressed by bishops, complimented by Americans, bored by deputations, serenaded by bands, comforted by ladies, half smothered with roses, half drowned in champagne.

The great multitudinous people looked on in some amaze. "Peace" was still the order, and they obeyed; but they much marvelled what it meant, and when it would end.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

T. Shea, Tailor,
126 West Madison-st.

We carry the Latest Designs in Foreign and Domestic Woolens. We make fine suits for $20 $25 $30 and up to $60, also pants from $5 to $12. Satisfaction guaranteed.

THE BROWN THORN.

Translated from the Irish by Michael Cavanagh.

A hundred men court me—each ready to
 swear I'm his own,
But lightly their meaningless speeches
 have by me flown;
He dwells on "Flynn's Mountain"—whose
 sweet voice is dearest to me—
My love is as fair as the bloom of the "brown
 sloe-tree."

They're flatterers all who tease me each
 day in the week,
And vow, 'till they win me, no other young
 sweetheart they'll seek,
He's bashful and simple and cannot yet
 see through my mind,—
The worse luck is his!—when I'm married
 he'll cry himself blind.

No stylish or jealous souled woman should
 plague your life,
Nor yet should you choose a silly young
 thing for a wife,
A maiden—whose fair bosom's love is her
 portion alone,
Sore grieves for your darling—nor shame
 feels her secret to own.

They're pitiful creatures—the dapper
 young men of this place.
Their ringletted love-cocks they plait and
 most carefully crease;
But highest of rowan-trees bear on their
 tops bitter fruit,—
While sweetest of wild berries modestly
 grow at their root.

I rise in the morning while still the dew
 lies on the lea,
To gaze on the village where dwells my
 young "gra-ma-chree":—
He knows not—my darling—that for him
 my heart doth pine,—
My first love! 'tis pity that I cannot comfort thine.

A.O.H. OF IOWA.

Notable Convention of the Order in the City of Des Moines—Officers Elected.

Attracted by that delicate bond of sympathy and patriotism, which to the remotest boundaries of civilized life marks the Irish race, large and fine-looking delegations from every part of the state began pouring into Des Moines Monday afternoon week to attend the fourth biennial convention of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, which was announced to convene in that city Tuesday. The advance guards and pioneers of the society had appeared upon the ground early, and were followed by enthusiastic delegations that soon swelled the total number of visitors and delegates to fully one thousand young Irish-Americans. Appearing conspicuously on the coat lapel of each, was a green badge of Ireland, handsomely fringed with gilt and gold. They wore it with a look of conscious pride, and each face expressed an independent spirit. Hundreds of them were in uniform and attracted attention owing to their fine appearance. They thronged the hotel lobbies, swarmed upon the streets and were apparently everywhere.

At 9 o'clock Tuesday morning, the delegates formed into line at the Kirkwood and marched to St. Ambrose church, where mass was celebrated by the pastor, Very Rev. M. Flavin. At the conclusion of the mass they reformed and the procession wended its way to the Y. M. C. A. Auditorium, where the business sessions of the convention were to be held.

At 10 o'clock Hon. P. B. Wolfe of De Witt, state delegate, called the large assembly to order. The hall was completely filled with delegates representing their respective divisions, and was profusely decorated for the occasion, presenting an attractive and beautiful appearance. In the rear of the platform mantling the big organ, and hanging in festoons from the circular were the National colors, pleasingly blended with the Green Flag and Golden Harp of Ireland, completed the circuit of the balcony, the green and red, white and blue emblems of the Emerald Isle and America mingled in delightful profusion, each gentle breeze swaying them in typical harmony.

Prayer was offered by Rev. D. F. McCaffrey of Fonda.

After the transaction of the usual routine business, and hearing the reports of officers, all of which were satisfactory, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:

State Delegate—Dennis Maher of Iowa City.

State Secretary—John P. Howard of Des Moines.

State Treasurer—D. H. Sullivan of Sioux City.

Insurance Officers—President, John W. Cahill, Keokuk; vice-president, P. H. Judge, De Witt; secretary, Stephen Monahan, Stuart; treasurer, James Quinn, Davenport.

State Directors—W. H. McConville, Atlantic; J. M. Kenny, Keokuk; J. H. Crosby, Cedar Rapids.

The following resolution was offered by D. M. Reynolds and adopted by the convention:

Resolved, That the state officers be and are hereby authorized and directed to have the Ancient Order of Hibernians of America of Iowa, duly incorporated in this state, at the earliest practical time.

The following resolution was offered P. E. C. Lally and unanimously adopted:

Be it Resolved, By the Ancient Order of Hibernians of Iowa in convention assembled, that we deplore the unfortunate, embittered and unreasonable quarrel now dividing those of our race in the land of sorrow beyond the sea, and that we call upon them to adjust their troubles to unite their forces and secure that boon so long sought for by the Irish people—Home Rule for Ireland.—*Catholic Messenger*.

To Denver via Burlington Route.

Only one night on the road. Leave Chicago at 1:00 p. m., or St. Louis at 8:25 a. m., and arrive at Denver at 6:15 p. m. the next day. Through Sleepers, Chair Cars and Dining Cars. All Railways from the East connect with these trains and with similar trains via Burlington Route to Denver, leaving Chicago at 6:10 p. m. St. Louis at 8:15 p. m., and Peoria at 3:20 p. m., and 8:00 p. m. All trains daily. Additional express trains, making as quick time as those of any other road from Chicago, St. Louis and Peoria to St Paul, Minneapolis, Council Bluffs, Omaha, Cheyenne, Black Hills, Atchison Kansas City, Houston and all points west, northwest and southwest

All Aboard!

Make haste. Your baggage is all right, but have you got a supply of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters? No! Then you have made a sad omission, and if you are troubled with stomachic qualms *en route*—if you are sea sick, my dear sir, or madam, you will have deserved your fate. How dreadfully the waves or the jarring of the engine or screw shakes you up! Now there is a mute but awful call to the ship's side. Now, if you had the Bitters along with you this wouldn't happen. Travelers and tourists, take our advice, and before you start on your yachting or ocean voyage, your coast-wise trip or inland outing obtain the Bitters, and thus fortify yourselves against stomachic difficulties, malaria, dyspepsia and the effects of exposure in rough weather or bad diet or water. Take it, too, for biliousness, kidney trouble and rheumatism

Sunday Service.

On Sunday, May 22, the Wisconsin Central lines resumed its popular train service between Chicago, Waukesha and the Lake Region. Trains leave the Grand Central Passenger Station for Lake Villa (Fox Lake), Antioch, Mukwonago and Waukesha at 8:30 a. m., Sunday, arriving at Lake Villa, 10:33 a. m.; Antioch, 10:40 a. m.; Mukwonago, 11:40 a. m.; and Waukesha, 11:59 a. m. Returning trains leave Waukesha at 4:45 p. m.; Mukwonago, 5:05 p. m.; Antioch, 6:18 p. m.; Lake Villa, 6:30 p. m.; arriving at Chicago at 8:45 p. m. For the accommodation of excursionists desiring to remain in the country over Sunday "The Business Man's Special" will again be placed in service. This train will leave Waukesha at 5:30 a. m., arriving at Chicago at 8:50 a. m. For tickets, time tables and pamphlets apply to GEORGE K. THOMPSON, City Passenger and Ticket Agent, or to JAMES C. POND, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

The Great Northwest.

The steady settlement of lands in Montana and Washington, the substantial growth of their cities, and the constant increase of their railway mileage, have rendered these states a centre of interest for business men, capitalists and settlers. The best explanation of this growth is found in a study of the capabilities and resources of the states, which are fully set forth in three folders entitled "Golden Montana," "Eastern Washington," and "Western Washington" just issued by the Northern Pacific Railroad. District Passenger Agents of Northern Pacific Railroad will take pleasure in supplying Montana and Washington folders above referred to; also, maps, time-cards and any special information desired; or application can be made to CHAS. S. FEE, G. P. & T. A., N. P. R. R., St. Paul Minn.

Good Farm Land For Sale,

At low prices, near Stuart, in southwestern Iowa. Large Irish Catholic population, and resident priest, Rev. Father Foley. Stuart is forty miles west of Des Moines, on the C., R. I. & P. R. R., and has a population of about 3 000 people. We have also a railroad division station, round house and machine shops, employing nearly 400 men. Good mechanics can generally find steady employment at fair wages. We would like to have more of our people come here. Improved farms sell at from $20 to $35 per acre. For information call on or address

S. MONAHAN, Stuart, Ia.

Something Interesting to Every Family

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

Attorneys.

BRADY, MATTHEW P.,
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ESTATE OF BRYAN LYNCH, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Bryan Lynch, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of August, A. D. 1892, being the 15th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, June 28, 1892
MARY ROACH, Administratrix.
James O'Connell, Solicitor for Administratrix.

THOS. McENERNY, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW 69 DEARBORN-ST.

ESTATE OF JOHN NACEY, DECEASED—All persons having claims against the estate of John Nacey, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of August A. D. 1892, being the 15th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, June 27, 1892.
MARY NACEY, Administratrix.
Thomas McEnerney, Attorney.

ESTATE OF MICHAEL O'CONNELL, DECEASED — All persons having claims against the estate of Michael O'Connell, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said Court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of August A. D. 1892, being the 15th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, June 27, 1892.
JOHANNA O'CONNELL, Administratrix.
Thomas McEnerny, Attorney.

Joseph Schlitz
Brewing
Company,
MILWAUKEE,
REPRESENTED BY
EDWARD G. UIHLEIN.
Corner Erie and Union streets, Chicago.

A GIRL OF THE LONG AGO.

An old [illegible] the summer's [illegible]
His [illegible] wing, go [illegible]
He [illegible] like a sunbeam [illegible]
In his [illegible] will start un-[illegible]

The [illegible] form; he sees it [illegible]
A [illegible] from where are [illegible] rusted years;
Yes, [illegible] look forth with [illegible]
And now [illegible] once more a girl of [illegible]

You'd [illegible] 'mong the [illegible]
Her garments of a quaint old style forever [illegible]
And in the attic [illegible] secret 'tis, you know
Is an old, old dress, the wedding gown of a girl of long ago.

There are [illegible] shoes, a dainty little [illegible]
The old, old [illegible] and smiles, as if they [illegible]
He saw [illegible] "Money Musk" when the harvest [illegible]
What [illegible] the homeward ride to that girl of [illegible]

No matter what the wedding bells rang joyously [illegible]
When o'er the [illegible] came the wind to kiss the silken [illegible]
And he who off with beating heart had played the boyish beau
Stood up and blushed beside his bride—the girl of the long ago.

Methinks that while he sits and rocks, with life at its decline,
Still for his eyes and his alone her silver buckles shine.
I cannot tell you when she died; this only do I know
She is his bride today as when he won her long ago.

A little miss steals forth sometimes and climbs upon his knee;
Her fingers smooth his snowy locks, her eyes are fair to see;
He kisses her with youthful zest, his own eyes all aglow,
Because she is the image of a girl of the long ago.

—T. C. Harbaugh in Good Housekeeping.

SIMPLICITY.

Once upon a time on an island, which the sea has long since engulfed, there lived a king and a queen who had one son. The king was a great king; his drinking cup was the very largest in all the realm; his sword the heaviest; he fought and he drank royally.

The queen was a beautiful queen; she had so many wonderful cosmetics, and they wrought so mysterious and wonderful a charm that she looked not a day older than forty.

The son was a fool. "A fool of the most pronounced type," said the brilliant lights of the kingdom. When he had reached the age o. sixteen the king, his father, took him to the wars. These wars were carried on in order to exterminate a certain neighboring nation that dared to possess too much territory.

Here it was that Simplicity showed himself a dunce. He saved twenty-four women and thirty-six children from slaughter, and every stroke of the sword which he was himself forced to give caused him to weep bitterly, while the battlefield itself, running over with blood and encumbered with the dead, filled his heart with such deep pity that for three days he could not eat.

So you must see that he was a dunce, my dear.

When he was seventeen he was obliged to assist at a great festival given by the king to all the magnates of his kingdom. Here again he committed many blunders. He contented himself easily; he ate sparsely of the great banquet spread before him, and he swore—not at all! His glass would have remained always full before him had not the king himself, to save the dignity of the family, emptied it slyly from time to time.

At eighteen, as he began to grow a beard, he was noticed by one of the queen's court ladies.

Court ladies are dreadful creatures, my dear.

This particular court lady wished for nothing less than to be kissed by the prince! The poor boy did not dream of such a thing; he trembled when she spoke to him, and hid himself the moment he saw the edge of her skirts in the gardens. The king, who was a good father, saw what was passing and laughed in his sleeve. But as the lady still pursued the prince, and the kiss was still withheld, he blushed for such a son and himself gave the kiss asked for, always, to be sure, for the dignity and honor of his family and his race. "Oh, the little fool!" said the king, who was a man of spirit!

It was at the age of twenty that Simplicity became completely idiotic. He met a forest and fell in love! In those olden times people did not try to beautify the trees by pruning and cruel incisions. The branches grew as they listed; God alone had them in charge, and moderated the roots and managed the saplings. Simplicity's forest was an immense nest of verdure, interspersed here and there by majestic avenues. The moss, drunk with the dew, flourished wantonly; the eglantines spread their pliant arms, sought each other and played mad pranks around the mighty trunks of the trees. The great trees themselves, standing calm and serene, twisted their roots in the shade and mounted tumultuously upward to kiss the rays of summer. The green grass flourished, while in their hurry to blossom the daisy and the scorpion grass, growing confused at times, clung together on the broken trunks of fallen trees. And all these branches, all these grasses, all these flowers, sang; all mingled and pressed closely together to gossip more at ease, to whisper low together of the loves of the corolla. A breath of life floated low down in the shadowed coppice, giving voice to each sprig of moss.

The forest held high carnival. The ladybirds, the beetles, the dragonflies, the butterflies—all the beautiful lovers of the flowering hedges—had gathered at the four quarters of the forest.

There they established their little republic; the footpaths were their guards; the streams, their streams; the forest, their forest. They lived luxuriantly at the foot of the trees, on low branches, in the dried leaves, lived there as though at home, quietly and by right of conquest. They had, like good citizens, abandoned the higher branches to the robins and the nightingales. The forest, that had hitherto sung in all its branches, in all its leaves and flowers, sang now with the insects and with the birds.

In a short time Simplicity became an old friend of the forest. They chatted so happily together that it robbed him of the last vestige of sense. When he left the forest to shut himself again within four walls, whether seated at his table or lying in his bed, he was always dreaming.

At last, one beautiful morning, he suddenly abandoned his apartments, and went and installed himself under the old foliage. There he chose for himself an immense palace. His salon was a vast glade. Long dark green draperies ornamented the periphery; 500 flexible pillars, interlaced like a fine gauzy veil, and of the bright hue of the emerald, towered high in the air. The roof itself was one large dome of changeable blue satin, starred with golden nails. His sleeping room was a delicious boudoir, filled with mystery and fragrance. The flooring and the walls were hidden under under a soft carpet of an inimitable pattern. The alcove, bored through a rock by some giant, had walls of pink marble and a floor of ruby powder. He had also his bathroom, a living fountain of pure water, a crystal bath lost in a bouquet of flowers. I will not tell of the thousand galleries which crossed each other in this palace, nor of the wondrous landscapes, nor of the gardens. It was one of those royal habitations that God alone knows how to fashion. The prince, therefore, could now be as foolish as he pleased. His father thought him changed into a wolf, and so sought another heir more worthy of the throne.

Simplicity was very busy during the next few days after settling himself in his new home. He made friends with his neighbors, the beetles and the butterflies. They were kind neighbors, with as much bright intelligence as man. At first he had some difficulty in understanding their language, and he soon perceived that he would have to educate himself anew. He learned the concise language of the insects. A sound indicated a hundred different objects, following the inflection of the voice and the length of the note. Soon he lost the habit of speaking the language of his race, so poor in spite of its wealth of words. The way of living of his new friends charmed him. He felt supremely ignorant compared with them, and resolved to go and study at their schools.

He was more reserved in his relations toward the mosses and the pines. As he was not yet able to understand the language of the blade of grass and of the flowers, his ignorance caused a certain reserve in his intercourse with them. But the forest did not eye him coldly. It understood that he was a simple soul, and that he held the most amiable intercourse with the denizens of the wood. No one hid from him. It often chanced that he would surprise, at the end of a glade, a butterfly ruffling the collar of a daisy. Soon the hawthorn overcame her bashfulness, just enough to give lessons to the young prince. She lovingly taught him the language of perfume and of color. The purple corolla hailed Simplicity on his awakening, the green leaves told of their wild midnight dances, the grasshopper confided to him in a whisper that he was madly in love with the violet.

Simplicity had chosen for his bosom friend a golden dragonfly, with a slender waist and quivering wings. This beauty was a dreadful coquette; she sported near him, seemed to call to him, then flew lightly from his hand. The great trees, who saw these maneuvers, rebuked her vigorously and solemnly whispered that she would come to a bad end.

Simplicity suddenly became restless. The ladybug, who was the first to perceive the sadness of her friend, gently sought to win his confidence. He answered sadly that he was as happy as ever. He rose now with the dawn, and wandered through the glade until dusk. He softly held back the branches, searched the thicket and the shadows formed by the leaves.

"What is our pupil seeking?" demanded the hawthorn of the moss.

The dragonfly, wondering at this desertion of her lover, concluded that he was mad for love of her. She came and roguishly fluttered about him; he did not perceive her. The big trees had judged her rightly; she consoled herself quickly with the first butterfly at the crossway.

The leaves were sad as they watched the young prince, questioning each tuft of grass and searching with an eager eye the long avenues. They heard him complain of the impenetrable thickness of the brushwood, and they said, "Simplicity has seen Flower-of-the-Water," the Undine of the spring.

Flower-of-the-Water was the child of a sunbeam and a dewdrop.

She was so limpidly beautiful that the kiss of a lover would cause her death. The perfume of her breath was so sweet that a kiss from her lips would cause the death of her lover. The forest knew this, and with jealous care it hid its adored child. It had given her as a sanctuary a spring shaded by a thick cluster of trees. There, in the silence and the shadow, Flower-of-the-Water glittered in the midst of her sisters. Idly she floated with the tide, her small feet half hidden by the ripples, her golden head crowned with liquid pearls. Her smile was the delight of the water lilies and the gladioles. She was the soul of the forest. She lived without a care, knowing naught of earth but her mother, the dew, nor of the heavens, but the sunbeam, her father. She knew herself beloved by the ripple that cradled her, by the branch that shaded her. She had a thousand wooers, but not one lover. Flower-of-the-Water was not ignorant of the fact that she would die of love; she was pleased with the thought, and lived in the hope of such a death. Smilingly she awaited the well beloved.

One night, by the light of the stars, Simplicity beheld her at the waning of a glade. He sought her during a long month, hoping to meet her behind every tree trunk. Sometimes it seemed to him that he saw her gliding through the coppice; but he found only the great shadows of the poplars, swayed by the winds of heaven.

The forest became silent now; it mistrusted Simplicity. It pressed low its leaves, and threw dark shadows of night on the young prince's path. The danger that threatened Flower-of-the-Water made it melancholy; it gave no more soft caresses, no more loving prattle.

Undine came again to the glade, and once more Simplicity beheld her. Wild with longing, he pursued her. The child, mounted on a moonbeam, did not hear the sound of his footsteps. She flew onward, light as a feather floating in the wind. Simplicity ran, but could not overtake her. He wept bitterly—despair filled his soul; but still he pressed onward, while the forest watched with growing anxiety this insensate race. The bushes barred his way; the thorns held him in their sharp embrace, grimly arresting his progress—the entire forest was in arms to defend its child. Still he kept on, though the moss grew treacherous and slippery beneath his feet. The branches interlaced more firmly and faced him, immovable as a wall; fallen trunks of trees threw themselves in his path; the rocks rolled down of their own volition and strove to entrap him; the insects nipped his heels; the butterflies, brushing his eyelids with their wings, blinded him.

Flower-of-the-Water, neither seeing nor hearing him, still flew onward. Simplicity, with anguish, felt that the moment was approaching when she would again vanish, and desperate, breathless, he dashed on.

He heard the old oaks call angrily after him: "Why did you not tell us that you were a man? We would have hidden away from you; we would have refused to teach you, so that your shadowed eyes would have failed to see Flower-of-the-Water, the Undine of the spring. You came to us with seeming innocence, the innocence of the dumb animals, and now today you show us the spirit of man. Look, you are crushing the beetles, you tear our leaves, you break our branches; the spirit of selfishness is sweeping you away—you would steal our very soul!" And the hawthorn added: "Simplicity, pause in pity. If Flower-of-the-Water should desire to breathe the perfume of my starry blossoms, why not leave them to grow freely on my branches?" And the moss said: "Stay, Simplicity; come dream on the velvet of my fragrant carpet. In the distance among the trees thou canst see Flower-of-the-Water playing. Thou shalt see her bathe in the spring and casting glistening pearls around her throat. Thou canst share the joy of her glances; stay with us; thou shalt live and see her." And the whole forest cried: "Stay, Simplicity. A kiss will kill thee—do not give that kiss. Dost thou not know? The evening breeze, our messenger, has he not told thee? Flower-of-the-Water is the celestial flower, whose perfume is death. Alas! poor child, her destiny is a strange one. Have mercy, Simplicity; do not drink her soul on her lips."

Flower-of-the-Water turned and saw Simplicity; she smiled and beckoned him to draw near, as she said to the forest, "Here comes my well beloved!"

Three days, three hours, three minutes had the prince pursued her; the words of the oaks still rumbled around him—he felt half tempted to turn and flee. Flower-of-the-Water already clasped his hands; she tiptoed on her tiny feet; her smile was reflected in the young man's eyes.

"Thou didst long delay," murmured she. "My heart recognized thee in the forest; I climbed on a moonbeam and I sought thee—three days—three hours—three minutes!"

Simplicity was silent, scarcely daring to breathe; she bade him sit by her on the brink of the fountain; she caressed him with her glances, and he! long time did he gaze!

"Dost thou not recognize me?" whispered she. "I have often seen thee in my dreams; I went to thee—thou didst take my hand; then together we would walk silent and trembling. Didst thou not see me? Dost thou not remember thy dreams?" and as at last he found voice to speak, "Do not say anything," she interrupted quickly. "I am Flower-of-the-Water and thou art my well beloved! We shall die!"

The great trees bent forward the better to behold the young lovers; they trembled with anguish and whispered each other that the souls of the lovers would soon fly away! All the voices grew hushed. The blade of grass and the oak were overcome with pity; the leaves had forgotten their anger; Simplicity, the lover of Flower-of-the-Water, was now the son of the forest.

She rested her head on his shoulder, and together they gazed into the stream; they smiled into each other's eyes! Again, looking upward, they watched the golden dust that trembled in the rays of the setting sun. Slowly their arms entwined—slowly—slowly. They awaited the coming of the evening st. when they would blend together and fly away forever!

Not one single word ruffled the harmony of their ecstasy. Their souls, breathing through their lips, mingled together.

The day faded; the lips of the lovers grew ever nearer. A terrible anguish held the forest motionless and rigid. Huge rocks, from which the water sprang, threw heavy shadows around them; they alone were radiant in the growing night!

At last the star appeared in the blue above and their lips met in the supreme kiss, and through the oaks there quivered a long sob—their lips had met, and their souls took wing!

On the edge of the stream they found Simplicity smiling in the sleep of death. His feet dipped in the ripples, his head reposed on the grassy bank. Closely pressed to his lips was a small pink and white blossom, daintily exquisite, and of a penetrating perfume.—Translated from the French of Emile Zola, for Short Stories, by Marion Opper.

LIGHTNING HAIR CUT

A FLASH OVER THE WIRES BURNS OFF AN OPERATOR'S HAIR.

The Rare and Thrilling Experience of a Wandering Telegrapher Who Was in Sad Need of a Barber's Manipulations. Rapid Work of a Thunderbolt.

Lightning and electricity have since the days of William Penn always been synonymous. To the uninitiated the most dangerous spot during a thunderstorm is a telegraph office, but statistics will substantiate the fact that no place is safer. Many and varied are the stories told of the freaks performed by heavenly currents, but seldom is there a fatality attached to the tale.

Between the manufactured and natural electricity there appears from close observation to be a sort of affection, and under cover of the slightest storm mutual exchanges of confidence are usually indulged in by them.

Modern devices, of course, have brought about this state of affairs, but the most persistent assurance cannot convince the timid of this fact. Seldom indeed will the veteran telegrapher lift his hand from the key upon which he is spelling out the mystic signs of the Morse alphabet upon the approach or progress of the heaviest storms, while the young aspirant for telegraphic fame will sit through a storm with beating heart rather than show the white feather to his companions by deserting his post.

It frequently occurs that the dense humidity prevailing just previous to a storm, coupled with a heavy downfall of rain, will entice the strongest electrical currents from the wires, and for the time being "kills" their usefulness. It is during one of these storms that the electric waves are felt, coming and going, and what danger there is is then most imminent. It was during one of these lulls in business, up in the big operating room of the Western Union telegraph office recently, that several expert telegraphers gathered around one of the "quad" tables and began exchanging experiences with thunderbolts, fireballs and other electric phenomena too numerous to mention.

One of the humorous stories told had for its central figure a telegrapher named Bogardus. "Bogy," as he is called for short, is known in the telegraph profession from Boston to San Francisco and from New Orleans to Toronto, Canada. He possessed a roving disposition and a mind that was blank as to the value of money. Although "Bogy" at one time was one of the finest operators in the business, these defects kept him always on the tramp and from attaining any position of trust or prominence. Poor "Bogy" is now in a Chicago hospital, rounding up a career that should have been a bright one.

The following occurred in the days when "Bogy" was in his prime. He had recently been "fired" from the New York offices, and for bread and butter had drifted out to a railroad centering in Pittsburg to get a new start. He was always careful of his personal appearance, but, while he could shave himself, the cutting of his own hair was an impossibility. Pittsburg, some thirty miles from the little station he was at, was the nearest place wherein he could have the tonsorial feat performed. His hair grew, the weather became hot and he fretted and fumed. The comments of the railroad men didn't add to his comfort.

Late one afternoon after a very hot day a thunderstorm of remarkable intensity came up and the lightning played hide and seek among the relays, sounders and switchboard in "Bogy's" little 10 by 10 office. Every minute the storm increased in intensity and the electrical display was grandly sublime. As the cracks of the bolts on the switchboard became more frequent and the flashes more luminous "Bogy," not a bit frightened, concluded to put the cut out plug in the switchboard and thereby save his instruments from burning up in case the lightning became too strong.

On the instant he applied the plug a bolt of lightning struck a telegraph pole about fifty feet from the office and the surplus electricity came in the switchboard over the wire and "Bogy's" head was wrapped in flame. The shock threw him on the floor and for a moment stunned him. Shaking himself together he congratulated himself upon his lucky escape. There was a peculiar odor in the room that "Bogy" could not clearly account far, but concluded it came from the burned silk and wax that made up the covering for the office wires.

He had just succeeded in putting his office to rights and had returned to it, after making a temporary connection where the bolt had struck, when a train drew up for orders.

"Je-e-rusalem!" shouted the conductor as he caught sight of "Bogy." "Where's your hair?"

"Bogy," in affright, clapped his hands to his head and with a startled ejaculation rushed for the little mirror hanging in a rear corner of the office. One look was enough. "Bogy" hadn't as much hair as a one-month-old baby, and strange to relate the electric flame had not fazed his scalp in the slightest. The knockdown blow old Jupiter had given him had driven the thought of his hair for the moment out of his mind, and until the conductor's surprised cry had reached him he thought his hair still needed cutting.—Washington Star.

A Great Dunner.

Boarders in a Newburyport (Mass.) house contemplate a blackboard every time they enter the dining room. It is behind a glass door and on it are chalked the names of boarders who have failed to pay their board for two weeks. When they pay up the names are rubbed out.—Yankee Blade.

Self Evident.

He—Have I got to tell you that I love you?

She—Oh, no. I guess you've been making a fool of yourself long enough to satisfy papa.—Life.

Shopping for Amusement.

The French critic, musician and government official, Romieu, was fond of joking. One of his diversions—amusing, but not to be commended—was to go into some shop where he was not known and perplex the clerks by his questions and remarks. One day he went into a glove store and told the clerk that he wished to make a purchase, but must apologize for his poor French. If she would listen carefully he hoped to make himself intelligible. He had always found the clerks in Paris so intelligent and amiable, he said, that one need not be discouraged even if he did not speak the language very well. He would like a pair of gloves—kid gloves. Did she understand?

All this was said in perfect French, with irreproachable accent and idioms.

"Certainly, sir," murmured the astonished clerk.

"Ah, then I will persevere; kid gloves, pearl gray—do you understand—pearl gray?"

"Yes, sir, you speak French with perfect"—

"A thousand thanks. This is another proof of the inexhaustible amiability and patience which I have noticed in the shops of Paris. With two buttons—you comprehend?"

"Yes."

"The Parisians are so quick to catch one's meaning! And will you kindly stretch them, and put in some glove powder? What is the price? I wish my command of French permitted me to express my thanks for the promptness and courtesy with which I have been served."

He paid for his gloves and departed without a smile.—Youth's Companion.

An Ox Yoke Punishment.

There is an old farmer out in Jersey who has as great a detestation of flirting as was ever cherished by the mikado himself. It was a great shock to him one evening at church when he caught his fourteen-year-old daughter exchanging glances and smiles with a neighbor's son a couple of years older. The old gentleman mused over the problem all the way home, and finally hit upon an expedient which he only awaited the opportunity to put into practice.

This was not long in coming. As he turned a corner of the road the next day he caught a glimpse of the young couple on the road ahead of him, walking along, hand in hand, and even as he paused, speechless, he saw them exchange a kiss. That settled it.

With a few strides he had overtaken the culprits and was marching them off to his barn, which stood in a prominent position close by the high road. A shout brought out the hired man, and in a twinkling the old granger had slipped an ox bow over his victims' heads. Then he seated them on the doorstep and kept them there for one mortal hour, calling the attention of all passers by to "my two calves I'm a breakin in."

At the end of the time he released the prisoners, who made all haste to put as much distance between each other as possible.

And now they don't even speak when they pass by.—New York Recorder.

Her Husband in Luck for Once.

"I was once kidnaped by a pretty woman," was the way George W. Louthan, of the Smoky City, began a story at the Lindell. "I was standing in front of a popular resort in Denver, chatting with some boon companions, when the lady marched up to me and said, severely, 'George, I have been looking for you,' and before I could make reply she took my arm and marched me off to a carriage. Mechanically I got in, and she drove off with me, berating me soundly meanwhile. I said nothing, but kept wondering who she could be. She appeared to have a roster of my faults, for she enumerated them all. Presently she stopped before a rather pretentious dwelling, and I thought it time to ask for an explanation. She turned upon me quite indignantly, stopped, looked hard at me, then stammered forth an apology. She had mistaken me for her husband. I accepted her apology on condition that the lecture she had given me should not be warmed over for the man who looked like me. She promised, and I escaped."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Gave Fair Warning.

A keen sense of humor had a certain convict at Dartmoor, who carted down from his cell one night his books, etc., and handed them to the principal warder with a statement that as he was going home on the morrow he required them no longer.

"Eh, what!" the officer exclaimed. "Why, you've got seven or eight years to do, my man."

"No, I ain't," the prisoner replied; "I'm off home tomorrow."

This statement caused much merriment amongst the officials and warders standing by. They laughed on the other side of the mouth, however, the next day, for B—— early in the day made a daring and successful escape from the gang in which he was working on the bogs, and decamped across the moor.—London Tit-Bits.

Umbrella Etiquette in Turkey.

In China ladies are attended by servants who hold umbrellas over their heads. The Chinese and Japanese introduce both the umbrella and parasol into their decorative work and athletic sports. In western Turkey it is necessary to close an umbrella on meeting people of high rank, and a European traveler who was passing one of the palaces of the sultan was nearly run through by the guard before he comprehended that he must put down the open umbrella he carried. Every one passing the actual residence of the sultan lowers his umbrella as a salutation to "the brother of the sun and the moon."—Detroit Free Press.

What the World Likes.

The world likes to be astonished, not courted. The man who would succeed must rub out all his interrogation marks and put in exclamation points.—Kate Field's Washington.

UNKNOWN TO HISTORY.

The Story of a Secluded Grave Where the Daisies Grow in Profusion.

They were boy and girl together. Like flowers that grow side by side without asking why or wherefore, these two had always been together, laughed and wept together all through the dream lapse of their childhood. One day they dallied in a field where daisies grew.

"Which is your favorite flower, Margie?" asked the boy.

"Why, Harry, don't you know? The daisy;" and she picked one as she answered.

"And why?" he queried further.

"Because they have hearts of gold," she said, "which means that they are true and faithful." And then they talked of other things, while overhead the new moon silvered in the sky and colored evening came. Soon after from the little cottage on the hill Margaret heard the calling of her name, and then the children said good night and went to dreams which only children know.

The years rolled on and brought their changes. The boy and girl were man and woman. The country was at war. The air reverberated with the echoes of cannonade on Sumter, in which ominous peal of iron thunder every man whose blood ran young and strong had heard the calling of his name. Harry had heard his and answered "Here!" and Margaret approved. They were engaged, and yet she bade him go. The wedding day was fixed, and yet she bade him go.

Oh, woman! how sublime thou art in moments such as these! Which blood, I wonder, will be thought most sacred on the reckoning day—the red blood of men shed amid the glory and the din of battle or woman's tears—those colorless blood drops of the heart—shed unseen amid the common places of existence? Which, I wonder, will be deemed the hero, he who gives his life and dies or she who gives her life and lives?

The night before he went Harry came to say goodby. It was soft and balmy and the moon was full. Margaret met him at the cottage door, and they strolled together in the meadow where the daisies grew. She picked and gave him one. "Take this," she said, "and wear it, Harry. Let it be the Mizpah of our separation—this little flower which we have loved together since our childhood. Let it be our emblem in the face of death—if death needs be—true to the last, golden hearted to our country and to one another. May God be merciful," she prayed and rested her head on Harry's shoulder.

He took the flower, but could not speak. What else they said, what else they did, is secret of the vagrant clouds and bended treetops. All that we know is that they parted on that stilly night. Yet no one saw the moon grow paler, nor heard the woodlands shudder, nor the night wind moan; not even sobs were heard—so noiseless is the breaking of a human heart, as noiseless and unheeded as the falling leaf in autumn.

The days—those days which seem as years—crept on and brought their changes. Harry was dead and Margaret slowly dying. At first he wrote each day, and then less often, and then for weeks there came no word at all. At last a letter came, and as she opened it a withered daisy fell upon her lap. She read as follows:

"It is the eve of battle; tomorrow we fight our first great fight. I shall place the daisy which you gave me in this letter when completed, and wear the letter next my heart. If I be of those who stay upon the field some friendly hand, I know, will speed this letter on its way, but if"——

She read no more. Her hands dropped listlessly at her sides; the letter dropped. Motionless she gazed, like one entranced, through the open window where she sat; she saw the field where they had picked the daisies in their childhood—the field where they had said goodby—the field where they should never meet again; then suddenly a darkness, as of moonless night, fell on her vision and she swooned away. Then came the sickbed, then the days of hope, of despair, and then sweet death.

* * * * * * *

Her grave is in the little churchyard of the village and bears these words:

DIED FOR HER COUNTRY.
MARGARET MAYFIELD,
AGED 23—1862.

Should you chance that way and want to see the spot, ask some one for the grave where daisies grow!—New York Times.

Perfectly Clear.

In Doctor Pierson's description of life in the southwest as he saw it many years ago—"before the war"—he speaks often of the peculiar turns of speech there prevalent. He was once present at an ecclesiastical meeting, where motions were piled upon each other until matters were in a frightful muddle. Finally the moderator was appealed to for a decision.

He rose from his seat, as became a presiding officer thus appealed to, and lifting his lank form till his head was among the rafters of the low school house he hesitated a moment and then said:

"Brethren, my decision is that you are all ahead of the hounds."

Doctor Pierson confesses that he did not fully comprehend the meaning of the words, but he could not help seeing that the decision was perfectly clear and satisfactory to the assembly.

Only One Clean Thing.

When Jones was at Oxford he was a most excellent fellow, and only had one enemy—soap. He was called Dirty Jones. One day the wag Brown went into his rooms, and remonstrating with him on the untidy, slovenly and dirty state of everything, said:

"Upon my word, Dirty, it's too bad, the only clean thing in your room is the towel!"—London Tit-Bits.

Suspicious.

Doctor—I believe you have some sort of poison in your system.

Patient—Shouldn't wonder. What was that last stuff you gave me?—Exchange.

OBJECT OF INTEREST.

The Remarkable Performance of a Young Man's Lost Chicken.

[illegible] remarked the doctor in a [illegible] erudite manner, "is the [illegible] ious and digestible of all [illegible] eaten raw."

"[illegible] what I always said," corroborated [illegible] young man in a blue necktie.

"[illegible] an expert in dietetics?" inquired [illegible] doctor stiffly.

"[illegible] not," said the young man at [illegible] that I'm solid on facts and [illegible] evidence to prove what I say."

"[illegible] facts?" inquired the doctor [illegible]

"[illegible] I've seen what eggs can do, [illegible] show you or any man here if [illegible] come over to my place in [illegible]

"[illegible] the facts," commanded the [illegible]

"[illegible], here goes. About three [illegible] a fat laying pullet I raised [illegible] up under an old spring- [illegible] in the woods where there [illegible] blame thing to eat but dry dirt [illegible] About a month ago I hap- [illegible] be poking around the place, [illegible] a noise under the floor I [illegible] a plank and there I found my [illegible] ken.

"[illegible] was alive and kicking and I couldn't for the life of me understand why she hadn't starved to death. I went to the barn to get an ax to chop her [illegible], and when I came back she had laid an egg and was eating it as fast as she could. That kind of gave me an idea, and instead of taking her out I left her there for a day longer. About the same time next day I went up again and she was finishing another egg. Next day she did the same thing, and she has been doing it right along now every day for thirty days and more.

"I'm going to keep her there and see how long she can support herself. She's getting fat since I gave her a little more light and seems a good deal better satisfied. You bet, Doc, I'm with you when you say there's good living in an egg."

The doctor looked at the young man seriously.

"Young fellow," he said, getting up, "I guess I'll go with you and see that hen."—Detroit Free Press.

Chief Justice Marshall and Children.

When Chief Justice of the United States, Marshall used to spend much of his time at his home in Richmond. The court had comparatively a small docket then and the vacations were more frequent and longer in duration. He would bundle up submitted cases, go to Richmond for the vacation and write his decisions there. He had a spacious mansion on the outskirts of the city and in his grounds was a noted spring of pure water surrounded by splendid elms and giant oaks, and in pleasant weather the great jurist would retire to the spring to read and ponder the legal records upon which he was to adjudicate. Nearby was a schoolhouse, the pupils attending which got water at his spring. No boy or girl ever went there for water that the old man did not have a kindly greeting for him or her and words of advice or encouragement.

He often engaged in their games at playtime, and it was a common sight to see the boys chasing him after he had hurled at them that greatest of all affronts to the schoolboy of fifty or eighty years ago—"school butter," something the old fellow was almost certain to do every day when it was about time for the boys to return to their studies. And yet, boyish as this man was, full of animal spirits as he was, it was said of him by William Wirt that had a flower of fancy sprung up in the train of his thought he would have crushed it as he would an adder. On the bench he was human reason incarnate; in private station he was the kindliest and most playful of men.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Why Men Walk in a Circle.

The fact that people lost in a desert or in a forest invariably walk in a circle is due to slight inequalities in the length of the legs. Careful measurements of a series of skeletons have shown that only 10 per cent. had the lower limbs equal in length, 35 per cent. had the right limb longer than the left, while in 55 per cent. the left leg was the longer. The result of one limb being longer than the other will naturally be that a person will unconsciously take a longer step with the longer limb, and consequently will tread to the right or to the left, according as the left or right leg is the longer, unless the tendency to deviate is corrected by the eye.

The left leg being more frequently the longer, as evidenced by measurement of the skeleton, the inclination should take place more frequently to the right than to the left, and this conclusion is quite borne out by observations made on a number of persons when walking blindfolded. Further, on measurement of the arms, it is found that to 72 per cent. the right arm is longer than the left, while in 24 per cent. the left arm is the longer, showing that a considerable majority of persons are right handed and left legged. The inequality in the length of the limbs is not confined to any particular sex or race, but seems to be universal in all respects.—Pearson's Weekly.

The Emerald's Power.

Emeralds from India, Persia and Peru are the most valuable. According to their tints and their luster they are classed as Prosines, Neronianes, and Domitianes. According to Suetonius, Nero used to look at the fighting gladiators in his emerald. The stone is the emblem of charity, hope, joy, and abundance. It had the reputation of curing epilepsy by application and of being an all-round pain-killer.—Paris Figaro.

Tubing for Gas Fixtures.

The brass tubing used for gas fixtures is fashioned into the various complicated ornamental shapes required for such purposes by placing the tube between two steel molds which are heavily clamped and then the tube is expanded by hydraulic pressure reaching as high as 10,000 pounds to the square inch.—New York Times.

AYER'S
Sarsaparilla

512 Dillwyn St.
Phila. Pa.
I have taken a great deal
of medicine in my life
but no remedy ever helped
me so much as Ayer's Sar-
saparilla, which I con-
sider the best blood pu-
rifier in the world.
E. Walz

CURES OTHERS,
WILL CURE YOU.

August Harding of St. Louis in a fit of jealousy shot his wife and then shot himself.

Congress has not passed a single regular appropriation bill for the fiscal year.

James Muller of Louisville, Ky., bled to death from a slight cut in his tongue.

Miss Lulu Travage was fatally hurt in a runaway accident at Lima, O.

Dr. Pentecost, the American evangelist, who went to India a year or two ago, has returned to London, and will make that city his home for the present, occupying the pulpit of the Marylebone Presbyterian church.

Governor Fifer has granted a pardon to John Mangan, who is serving a fifteen years' term for burglary. He has served eight years and is now dying of consumption.

It has been ascertained that the two anarchists who were responsible for the explosion of Very's restaurant in Paris have fled to London.

Colonel L. L. Polk's newspaper, The Progressive Farmer, will continue to be issued, and without any change in its politics, the late owner's widow announces.

Terrible ravages of cholera have been report from Bokur.

John Evans, a coal mine operator at Renteder, [illegible], was probably fatally wounded by a premature blast. Several miners [illegible]

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

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HIGH COURT OFFICERS

P. J. Cahill, H C R, Rooms 21-22, 69 Dearborn st: John T Kelly, H V C R, Milwaukee, Wis.; J. J. Dillon, H. S, Room 21, 69 Dearborn st.; Henry Detmer, H. Treas.; Dr. M. Brand, H M E, 145 Moore st.; Charles Langale, S C.; Stephen Conley, J C.; James Kelley, [illegible] Cook, C S.

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SUBORDINATE COURT OFFICERS.

Holy Family Court No. 1—J K Clowry, C R, 483 Blue Island av; J L Shepherd, Treas; W J Wallace, R S, 120 W Taylor st; G B Bracken, F S; Dr G C Synon, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Sodality hall, cor May and 11th.

Columbia Court No. 2—J F O'Neil, C R, 520 W Erie st; Wm Flanagan, R S, 2 Smart st; John E Kelly, F S; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr T Conley, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday, 8 p m, and 3d Sunday, 3 p m, in Society hall, 539 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart Court No. 3—James O'Neill, C R, 138 W 18th st; P J O'Keefe, R S, 265 E Indiana st; Hugh P Moran, F S; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr Wm O King, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday cor. Canalport av and Union st.

St. Pius Court No. 4—F T Nichol, C R, 345 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, R S, 729 Hinman st; F M Quinn, F S; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays, St Pius school hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av.

Jaques Carter Court No. 5—Geo Dalziel, C R, Blackhawk and Cherry sts; H Langlois, R S, Vernon Park place; A St Pierre, F S; N F Franchere, Treas; Dr F W Fitzgerald, C P. Meet 188 Blue Island av, 2nd and 4th Sunday. Conducted in the French language.

St. John's Court No. 6—Henry C Johnson, C R, 2127 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 179 E 18th st; T J Magner, F S; D M McKindley, Treas; Dr D O'Sullivan, C P. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—A B Perrigo, C R, 2967 State st; Henry B Hewson, R S, 2518 Butterfield st; W J Erler, F S; D B Quinlan, Treas; Dr P S MacDonald, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Friday, at 2974 State st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 337 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 505 28th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 2441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J C Schubert, C R, 133 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 25 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C P; 163 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge ct.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halstedst; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3623 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J R McNamara, C P. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeenst; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr C Hogan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 481 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 332 W Adams st; M C O'Kane, F S; J B Shiel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 971 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, 362 Wells st; J F Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas; Dr J K Winer, C P. Meet at Feehan hall, 2d and 4th Tuesday.

St. Thomas' Court, No. 15—Thos Mulvihill, C R, Woodlawn Park; John Mott, R S, box 46, Woodlawn Park; Thos W Gray, F S; P Chambers, Treas; Dr A E Garceau, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Flood's hall, Hyde Park.

St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hunt, C R; Peter Quigley, R S, 606 Root st; John Hale, F S; Wm Tracey, Treas; Dr J Rielly, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 45th and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Kuehlmann, F S; Geo Denilauler, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S May st; S A Clow, F S; T J Lee, Treas Dr T F O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Seuses, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; P Noonan, F S; H C Latus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1086 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Roth, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 2013 Wentworth av; F N Moninger, F S; M W Fols, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgohann, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St. Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaeffer's hall, 2501 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 21; South Chicago —Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, SouthChicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 22—B Burns, C R, 4423 LaSalle st; C A Reidy, R S, 796 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hare, F S; Thos M Curtin, Treas; Dr Chas P Caldwell, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No 23—P H Brady, C R, 809 Tallman av; E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; E N Ashenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Lagonia's hall, Western and North avs.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J P Lauth, C R, 361 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 82 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P C Harbour, C R, 156 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Levreau, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Franchere's hall, 188 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 238 Sherman st; Frank A Kucera, R S, 526 S Morgan st; Joseph Seitz, F S; Val Schmittschmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thomnets, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; Julius Esler, R S, 299 W Thirteenth st; John McShea, F S; John J Marnell, Treas; Dr Wm A Synon, C P. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—A. H. Weir, C R, 781 N Robey st; Edmond C Foley, R S, 459 W Indiana st; Henry H. Canavan, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Venn, C P. Meet corner W North av and Robey st, 1st and 3d Friday.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29— Faxel, C R, 383 Blue Island av; John Burggraf, R S 144 Ambrose st; Aug Ehlebracht, F S; Henry Schnitt, Treas; Dr Brand, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 8 p m

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—Simon J. Forhan, C R, 1710 Diversey av; Luke Sullivan, R S; Joseph F Holden, F S; Michael Roeder, Treas. Meets first and third Mondays in Phoenix Hall, Division and Sedgwick sts.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawtonh, C R, 241 Webster av; Jas F Lusk, R S, 232 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 3 and 8 o'clock p m, in School hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, C R, 16 N Sangamon st; David Cottrell, R S, [illegible] Mitchell, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av.

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson avs.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Scmitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred'k Kringe, F S; M Franzen, Treas; Dr Charles Koller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J C Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr C W Pusey, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 442 Seminary av; L Rohrer, R S, 223 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; F T Scanlan, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 324 E Division street.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5524 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4946 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Brieskt, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Flugel, R S, 36 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont avs.

Cour Lavel Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Degnise, F S; John B Dronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 3611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3644 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3157 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 596 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 102 Cornell st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; N P Mersch, Treas; Dr E H Webster, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolle, C R, 795 Milwaukee av; H J Sommers, R S, 587 W Chicago av; J H Nelles, F S; Frank Pich, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 994 Milwaukee av.

McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 153 Huron st; P C Crane, R S, 381 Orchard st; B E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C P. Meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st. 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, C R, 1423 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 420 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P. Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2949 Lyman st; Martin Hottus, R S, 2617 Emerald av; C Niersbach, F S; Chas Trauscht, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger st and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill.—J. J McInerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Hallihan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian)—F Brucciani, C R, 436 Milwaukee av; G B Lagomarsino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pierotti, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter P Krantz, C R; Nicholas Alles, R S; M Winandy, F S; M Jacques, Treas. Meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill, 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A F Teefy, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 258 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneux, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

Waukegan Court No. 53—J H Finney, C R; J J Jemison, R S; John Michaels, F S; J R Dady, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday in Catholic school hall

St. Francis Court No. 54—K J Cody, C R, 98 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 98 Coulter st; David McGann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av.

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 448 31st st; J J Kenney, R S, 2816 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2974 State st.

Canadian Court No. 56—L Drolet, C R; E G Richter, R S; L Goudreau, Jr., F S; M F Bachant, Treas; Dr. J N Fraser, C P. Kankakee, Ill.

St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Seppie, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4721 Butterfield st; N H Powers, F S; M Cronin, Treas. Meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

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County Board meets second Sunday of each month at 83 E Madison-st., at 3 p. m.

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County Secretary, Francis J. Conroy, 493 Thirty-fifth st.

County Financial Secretary, J. W. Connell.

County Treasurer, M. E. Lynch, 520 W Erie st.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

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Div. 3—Ambrose Hede, Pres, Morton Park, Ill. James Carroll, V-P; Edward O'Neill, Rec Sec, 838 S. Leavitt st; Thomas O'Connell, Fin Sec; P. J. Duffy, Treas. Meets 3rd Sunday of each month at 3 p m at Doherty's Hall, 446 West Twelfth st.

Div. No. 4—Daniel Collins, 861 S. Halsted-st., Pres.; David Mulligan, V. P.; John McAndrews, Rec. Sec.; Peter F. Ratigan, Fin. Sec. Wm McEvoy, Treas. Meets last Sunday each month at 3 p. m. at Canalport-av. and Union-st.

Div. No. 6—P. G. McGuire, Pres., 4217 Wentworth-av; Jerh. Ryan, V. P.; Peter Quigley, Rec. Sec., 5256 S. Halsted-st.; John Ryan, Fin. Sec.; B. M. Nicholas, Treas. Meet first Sunday of month at 3 p m, in Town Hall, Town of Lake.

Div. No. 7—M. J. Barret, Pres., 162 Van Buren-st.; William Sullivan, V-P; Patrick Foley, Rec. Sec., 2862 Deering-st; James E. O'Brien, Fin. Sec.; Mark Hardin, Treas. Meet at 446 W. Twelfth st. the second Sunday each month at 7:30 p m.

Div. No. 8—M J Ryan, Pres. 257 Michigan st; James F. Lusk, V. P.; James Rielly, Rec. Sec., 325 Elm st; P. O'Sullivan, Fin. Sec.; Andrew G. Luggan, Treas. Meet first Sunday of each month at 3 p m in North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 9—P. O'Sullivan, Pres., S Chicago; Patrick Dever, V. P.; James O'Kelly, Rec Sec, S Chicago; Owen Ahern, Fin. Sec; T A Ahern, Treas. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 2 p m, in Eigenman's Hall, South Chicago.

Div. No. 10—Timothy Burke, Pres. 4716 Bishop st; Patrick Cummings, V. P.; D. O'Toole, Rec Sec. 4125 State st.; John B. O'Connor, Fin Sec., Simon Nevile, Treas.

Div. No. 11—Pres., D. Nicholson, 95 Emerson av.; V.-P., D. Kirby; Rec. Sec., Joseph Lamb, 521 W. Erie st; Fin. Sec., M. E. Lynch, Treas., Martin J. Corcoran. Meets first Monday of each month at Anchor hall, corner of Paulina and Indiana sts.

Div. No. 14—Pres., James Noonan; V.-P., Austin Clark; Rec. Sec., John Prendergast; Fin. Sec., Edward Rogers; Treas., J. W. McCarthy. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 pm in Dorrie hall, Lemont, Ill.

Div. No. 17—President, Martin Mulcahy, 2836 Fifth av; V.P., Thomas Finnigan; Rec. Sec., M. J. Duffy, 543 Thirty-seventh st; Fin. Sec., F. J. Conroy; Treas., Patrick Finnegan. Meets second Wednesday each month at 8 p m., at N.W. cor Thirty-seventh and Butterfield-sts

Div. No. 19—Pres., James Thomas, 3802 Parnell av; V-P., W. J. Hogan; Rec. Sec., Jeremiah Herbert, 609 Thirty-seventh st; Fin. Sec., Joseph W. Connell, Treas. Charles Lynch. Meets first and third Thursdays of each month in Quealy's hall, 3749 S. Halsted st.

Div. No. 22—W. J. Doherty, Pres. 47th st and Centre av.; Patrick Brodericek, V.-P.; John Toner, Rec. Sec., 1243 Forty-seventh st.; James Murphy, Fin. Sec.; Patrick Grace, Treas. Meet first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st, and Ashland avenue.

Div. No. 26—Pres. P. Molloy, 4717 Wentworth av; V.-P., James McKenna; Rec. Sec., Hugh McNally, 4455 School st; Fin. Sec., James Kerwin; Treas., Lawrence Reynolds. Meet second Saturday of each month at 8 p m, at Fifty-first st. and Wentworth-av.

Div. 29—Pres, J F Haskins, Box 380, Pullman; V P, M J Sullivan; Rec sec, James Kennedy, Kensington; Fin sec, Peter Tully; Treas, Thos Markey. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday of each month at 8 p m, in Pullman, Ill.

Div. 35—Pres, Thomas Doyle, 3812 Lowe av; V P, T. F. Doyle; rec sec, James Gannon, 1005 31st st; fin sec, Patrick Quinn; treas, Michael Kavanaugh. Meets first Sunday each month at Kavanaugh's hall, 3818 South Halsted st.

Div. No. 36—Pres, M. Donohue, 5508 Jefferson av; V. P., M. Pierce; Rec. Sec., William McMahon; Fin. Sec., Patrick McGoldrick; Treas, P. McMahon.

Div. 37—Pres, John P Doheny, 6359 Honore V P, John Sheehy; Rec Sec, Richard Maloney, 68th and Halsted sts; Fin Sec, M H Hoey; Treas, Denis Kelly.

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ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS B. OF E

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Elected at the New York National Convention, May, 1889.

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Patrick Dugan, National Secretary, 598 Grove st., Jersey City, N. J.

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J. McDonald, Excelsior, Mahaska Co, Ia.

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Thomas Norton, 421 Minnie st, San Francisco, Cal.

J. V. Canavan, Appleton, Wis.

T. F. Thornton, 2010 Third av, Birmingham, Ala.

Danl Gallagher, Box 408, Steubenville, O.

William Sheerin, Trinidad, Colo.

P. M. Lunday, 323 Union av, St. Pueblo.

P. J. Healy, 2304 Seventh st., N W, Washington, D. C.

Thos. Noonan, 38 E Seventh st., St. Paul, Minn.

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The County Board meets the 2nd Sunday of each month at hall S W corner of Lake and LaSalle sts.

County Delegate, Richard Powers, 2617 Dashiel street, Chicago, Ill.

County Secretary J. E. Dunn, Lock Box 574, Oak Park, Ill.

County Fin. Secretary, E. Quinn, 550 W Twenty-first-st.

County Treasurer, Thomas Flood, 523 Austin av.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Division No. 1—Pres. Thomas Flynn, 536 W Erie st; Vice-Pres, Wm Griffen; Rec Sec, Michael Touhy, 48 W Ohio st; Fin Sec, Stephen Carmody; Treas, Jeremiah Reordan. Meet first and third Sunday of each month at Fitzgerald Hall, Cor. Adams and Halsted sts, at 2 p m.

Div. 2—Pres. Richard Powers, 2617 Dashiel st; Vice-Pres, Thos Driscoll; Rec Sec, John Green, 14 Walsh court; Fin. Sec., Michael Galvin; Treas, D. Brown. Meet the first and third Sunday each month at 3525 South Halsted st, at 2 p m.

Div. 3—Pres, Luke H. Lyons, 193 W North av; Vice-Pres, John Hynes; Recording sec, Michael O'Dea, 799 Noble st; financial sec, John Gallagher; treas., A G Bourk. Meet first Sunday each month in Donahue's hall, cor W North av, and Holt st, at 7:30 p m.

Div. 7—Pres, J. L. Quan, 304 Loomis st; vice-pres, John Maher; rec sec, Chris McLoughlin, 158 Johnson st; Fin sec, Patrick Morris; treas, Jeremiah O'Brien. Meet the second and fourth Thursday each month at 188 Blue Island av, at 7:30 p m.

Div. 9—Pres, James Lavell, South Chicago; vice-pres, Thomas McCue; rec. sec, Patrick McEnaley, Box 270, South Chicago; fin. sec, Philip Mortimer; treas, Michael Doyle. Meet third Sunday each month in Bowman's hall, corner Ninety-second-st, and Ill. Cent. R. R., S. Chicago.

Div. 11—Pres, Martin Dowling, 278 W. Ohio st.; vice-pres, James F. O'Neill; rec sec, John Fitzmaurice, 249 Fulton st; fin. sec, Michael Dennehy; treas, John Doyle. Meet first Thursday each month at 8 p.m. in O'Callaghan's hall, Indiana and Lincoln sts

Div. 15—Pres, John J Conroy, 101 Brown st; vice-pres, Mich'l J. Walsh; rec sec, Edw Quinn, W 21st st; fin sec, Thos. Moran; treas. Matthew Farley. Meet 1st Wednesday each month in School hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av, at 7:30 p m.

Div. 20—Pres, John O'Callaghan, 731 Carroll av; vice-pres, James E. Dunn; rec sec, M. Connolly; fin sec, J. T. Fitzgibbons; treas, Thomas Flood. Meet the first Sunday each month at O'Callaghan's Hall, corner of Indiana and Lincoln sts, at 2 p m.

Div. 21—Pres, Patrick Mahonney, 197 W 14th st; vice-pres, James Kearney; rec sec, John Morris, 47 S Morgan st; fin sec, M. O'Connor; treas, Thomas McGourty. Meet the third Sunday each month at 44 W Twelfth st

Div. 27—Pres, J. Bigane, 1674 39th st; vice-pres, Michael Larney; rec sec, Peter Callaghan, cor Western & Archer avs; fin sec, John Bradrick; treas, John Larney. Meet first Saturday each month at Larney Hall, Brighton Park, at 7:30 p m.

Div. 28—Pres, Patrick M. Carmody, 66 Bebraska st; vice-pres, Philip Dolan; rec sec, J J Quinn, 288 Forquer st; fin sec, T. J. Keys; treas, P. Dougherty. Meet first Tuesday at 8 p m, and fourth Sunday at 3 p m, at Sodality hall, cor 11th and May sts.

Div. 33—Pres, P.H. Chambers, Hyde Park; vice-pres, James Egan; rec sec, Thomas Kenny, 108 39th st; fin sec, Patrick McGrath; treas, Henry Lynch.

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Treasurer, W. H. Burke, 42 Pine st.

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FATHER HAGAN'S Y. M. T. A. & B. SOCIETY—Meets second and fourth Tuesday each month at O'Neill's hall, 681 W. Lake-st. Pres., William J. Lamey, 7 Smart-st.; V.-P., John Daley; Rec. Sec., J. E. Clancy, 226 N. Wood-st. Fin. Sec., M. J. Hartigan; Treas., Wm. Close; Marshal, John J. Hickey; Sergt-at-Arms, Jas. E. McBennett.

FATHER MATHEW T. A. & B. SOCIETY—Organized Feb. 6, 1865. Meet at new hall 39 West Taylor-st., on the 1st and 3d Monday of each month at 8 p. m. President, David J. Barry, 22 Plum-st.; 1st V.-P., Barney Clyne; 2nd V.-P., J. J. Barry; Sec'y, J. J. Hackett, 39 W. Taylor-st.; Ass't Sec'y, J. M. Carey; Treasurer, John Shannon, 113 Park-av.

ST. COLUMBKILL'S T. A. & P SOCIETY—Meets 1st Sunday of every month in basement of the church at 2 p. m. Thomas Cook, President, 98 Walnut-st.; 1st V.-P., A. Foley; 2d V.-P., M. Hayes; Rec. Sec., John T. O'Connell, 519 Austin av.; Fin. Sec., P. Kavanagh; Asst Sec., P. J. Sheehy; Treas., Edward Haves; Marshal, R. J. Nash.

HOLY FAMILY T. A. AND B. SOCIETY—Organized Sept. 8, 1870. Meets on the first and third Sunday of each month at 3 p. m. in Sodality hall, corner May and Eleventh-sts. Pres. John W. Clancy, 401 S May st.; V.-P., Martin O'Connell; Sec., James Cleary, 362 Maxwell st.; Fin. Sec., Alex Cairns; Treas., William Colbert; Marshal, James P. Gallagher.

ANNUNCIATION T. A. SOCIETY—Meets every Tuesday evening in School hall, Waubansia av and Commercial st. Pres. John F. Cunneen; V-P, Chas. A. Hawley; Rec Sec, Jas. M. Hawley, 811 N Robey st; Fin Sec, B. J. Mahony; Treas, John J. Cullinan; Sergt-at-arms, Mich'l Cunneen; Marshal, James McLaughlin; Spiritual Director, Rev. E. M. Griffin.

SACRED HEART T. A. & B. SOCIETY—Meets in basement of church, first Sunday every month at 4 p m. John A. Byrnes, President; John J Griffin, V-P; James W Griffin, Secretary, 839 S Halsted st; John Jennings, Ass Sec; Patrick Griffin, Treas; James Lynch, Marshall.

CATHOLIC YOUNG MEN'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY OF ST. PATRICK'S—President, J J O'Grady, 103 Emerson av; V-P, W J Anderson, Fin Sec, Dennis L Harmon; Rec Sec, Thomas Garvity, 41 N Carpenter st; Marshal, Thos Roche; Sergt-at-Arms, F P Meehan; Spiritual Director, Rev P J Hickey. Meet second Monday and last Sunday each month.

ST. PIUS' T. A. & B. SOCIETY—Organized 1874. Meets the first Sunday of each month in School hall, corner of Ashland-av. and Twentieth-st. President, John D. O'Sullivan, 176 Moore-st.; V-P, T McEnany; Cor Sec, E Quinn, 664 W Twenty-first st; Fin Sec, Wm Devereux, 730 W Twenty-first st; Treas, John Foley; Marshal, Thos Meagher; Spiritual Director Rev E Muldoon.

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Catholic Knights of Illinois.

STATE OFFICERS.

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St. Mark's Branch, meets 2nd and 4th Sunday of each month in the Brothers' school hall, cor Adams and Desplaine sts., at 3 p. m. President, J. C. Croke, 140 S. Morgan st.; V.-P., P. Rowan, 138 S. Desplaines st.; Rec. Sec., John Donahue, 178 Sebor st.; Fin. Sec., John Carey, 229 S Robey st.; Treas, R. McDonough, 118 W Madison st.

ST. GABRIEL'S BRANCH NO. 310—Meets the first and third Thursday of each month at 7:30 p. m. in school hall, corner Forty-fifth and Wallace sts. Pres. Austin J. Kilkenny, Transit House; V-P, J. C. White; Cor Sec, D. J. Pa[illegible] 430 and Emerald-av; Fin Sec, J. F. Wolor; Treas, J. B. Hartnett.

St. Stephens Branch, No. 117, C. K. A., meets on the third Sunday of every month, at 3 o'clock p. m., in the reading room attached to St. Patrick's church, Desplaines street. The following are the officers for the current year:

President, Edward McCormick; vice-president, John Conway; recording secretary, Mat Sharkey, 546 North Wood street; financial secretary, M. A. O'Brien, 344 Waubansia avenue; treasurer, Patrick Dolan, 283 North Clark street. All information regarding the association may be had by applying to any of the above.

CATHOLIC CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Where the Different Churches are Situated and the Hours at Which Mass is Celebrated and Vespers Held.

The following directory is published for the benefit of the Chicago readers of THE CITIZEN, and Catholic visitors to the city:

Cathedral of the Holy Name—State and Superior sts. Masses at 5:30, 6:15, 7:45 and 9:30 a m; mass at 8:30 exclusively for children; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m.

St. Patrick's—Adams and Desplaines sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; children's mass and choir at 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m; services every Thursday at 7:30 p m, in the chapel. Rev. Thos F. Galligan, pastor. Residence 135 W. Adams st.

St. James'—Twenty-ninth st and Wabash ave. Masses at 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10 a m; high mass at 11; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Hugh McGuire, pastor. Residence 2934 Wabash avenue.

Holy Family (Jesuit)—May and Twelfth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Edwin Kelly, S. J., pastor. Residence 417 W Twelfth st.

St. Jarlath's—Jackson street and Hermitage ave. Masses at 6, 7:30, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. Thomas F. Cashman, pastor. Residence 555 W. Jackson st.

St. Mary's—Wabash ave. and Eldridge court. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. E. A. Murphy, pastor. Residence 543 Wabash avenue.

Church of the Nativity of Our Lord—Thirty-seventh and Dashiel sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. J. M. Cartan, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Bridget's—Archer ave. and Church st. Masses at 6, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. D. M. J. Dowling, pastor. Residence 2928 Archer ave.

All Saints' Church—Wallace st and 25th place. Masses at 5, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. E. J. Dunne, pastor. Residence 2542 Wallace st.

St. Procopius—Eighteenth and Alport sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10, with sermon; vespers at 2:30 p m. Rev. P. Nepomuck Jaeger, O.S.B., pastor. Residence 704 Alport st.

St. Francis of Assisium—Corner of W. Twelfth st. and Newberry av. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 8:30 a. m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Ferdinand Kalvelage, pastor. Residence, 296 W. Twelfth st.

St. Stephen's—Corner of Ohio and N. Sangamon sts. Masses at 7, 9, and high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. D. Eagan, pastor. Residence 155 N. Sangamon st.

St. Peter's—Corner Clark and Polk sts. Masses at 5:30 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. M. Neumann, O. S. F., pastor. Residence 440 S. Clark st.

St. John's—Clark and Eighteenth sts. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. T. J. Butler, pastor. Residence 176 Eighteenth street.

Sacred Heart—Johnson and Nineteenth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, and 8:30 a m; children's mass at 8:30; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. M. J. Corbett, S. J., pastor. Residence 49 W. Nineteenth st.

St. Columbkille's—Corner of Indiana and Paulina sts. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Thomas Burke, pastor. Residence 519 W. Indiana st.

St. Malachy's—Corner Walnut st. and Western av. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. Thomas P. Hodnett, pastor. Residence 333 Walnut st.

St. Pius—Corner Ashland av. and Nineteenth st. Masses at 6:30, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. F. S. Hennebery, pastor. Residence 336 Ashland av

St. Anthony of Padua—Corner of McGregor st. and Twenty-fourth place. Masses at 6 and 7:30 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Peter Fischer, pastor. Residence 2434 Hanover st.

St John Nepomucene—Corner of Twenty-fifth st and Portland av. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Francis Bobal, pastor. Residence 430 Twenty-fifth st.

Church of the Assumption—Illinois st., between Franklin and Market sts. Masses at 6, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7 p m. Rev. S. Moretti, pastor. Residence 64 Illinois st.

Church of the Immaculate Conception B. V. M.—N. Franklin near Schiller st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers 7:30 p m. Rev. P. J. Butler, pastor. Residence 497 N. Franklin.

St. Michael's—Corner Eugene and Hurlbut sts. Masses at 5:30, 6 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 2:30 p m. Rev. J. Leutte, C. SS. R., pastor. Residence Cleveland av.

Notre Dame de Chicago—Vernon Park place near Loomis st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. A. L. Bergeron, pastor. Residence 15 Sibley st.

St. Vincent de Paul's—Corner Webster av and Osgood st. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30. Rev. Felix Guedry, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Paul's—Hoyne av. and Ambrose st. Masses at 8 and 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. E. Weber, pastor. Residence 163 Ambrose st.

St. Aloysius—Thompson and Davis sts. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10:15 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. J. Thiele, pastor. Residence, adjoining church.

Church of the Immaculate Conception—2964 Bonfield st. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7 p m. Rev. P. L. Biermann, pastor, Res. 2964 Bonfield st.

Holy Trinity—Lincoln and Taylor sts. Mass at 8 a m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. D. M. Thiele, pastor. Residence 833 West Taylor st.

Church of the Annunciation B. V. M.—Paulina st. and Wabansia ave. Masses at 6, 8, and 9 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers and benediction at 3 p. m. Rev. Hugh O'Gara McShane, pastor; Residence 831 N. Paulina street.

St. Charles Borromeo's—Twelfth and Cypress sts. Masses at 6 and 8:30 a.m., high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. P. D. Gill, pastor. Residence 78 Cypress st.

St. Mary's of Perpetual Help—Lancaster and Thirty-second sts. Mass at 8 a.m.; high mass at 10. Attended from St. Adalbert's Seventeenth and Paulina sts.

St. Stanislaus Kostka—Noble and Ingraham sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7:30, 8, and 9:30 a m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. Vincent Barzynski, C.R. Residence adjoining church.

St. Joseph's—North Market and Hill sts. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 8:30 a.m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. B. Dolwick, O.S.B., pastor. Residence 299 N. Market.

Church of Our Lady of Sorrows—W Jackson and Albany sts. Masses at 6:30, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. A. Venturi, O. S., pastor. Residence 1406 W. Jackson st.

St. George's—Wentworth ave., bet. 39th and 40th sts. Masses at 8 and 10 a. m.; Christian duties and vespers at 2:30 and 3 p. m. Rev. G. D. Heldmann, pastor. Residence 3919 Fifth av.

Holy Angels'—364 Oakwood Boulevard. Masses at 6, 7:30, 9 and 10 a. m.; high mass at 11 a m; Sunday school at 2:30 p. m; vespers, instruction and benediction at 7:30 p m. Rev. D. A. Tighe, pastor.

St. Boniface's—Noble and Cornell streets. Masses at 7:30 and 9 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. Clement Venn, pastor. Residence, 84 Cornell st.

St. Wenceslaus'—DeKoven and Desplaines sts. Mass at 8 a. m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. Joseph Molitor, pastor. Residence 187 DeKoven st.

St. Josephat's Church—Belden and Southport aves. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 4 p m. Rev. K. Koslowski, pastor. Residence 228 Southport av.

St. Adelbert—Corner Paulina and W. Seventeenth sts. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. J. Radziejewski, pastor. Residence 712 W Seventeenth st

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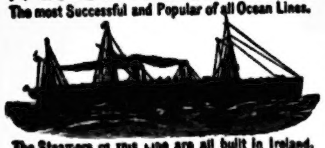

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1. To any gentleman, whether a subscriber or not, who organizes a club of 100 absolutely new subscribers, at the usual club rates of $2 each, the amount to be paid into this office, with the names of members, a magnificent gold watch, Elgin make, 14 carat fine, size 16 or 18, as may be desired, and warranted of first-class workmanship.

2. To any lady, whether a subscriber or not, who organizes a club of 50 absolutely new subscribers, at the usual club rates, $2 each paid into this office, an exquisite gold watch, Elgin make, 14 carat fine and warranted of first class workmanship.

3 To any gentleman who organizes a club of 25 absolutely new subscribers, at $2 each, paid into this office, a very handsome silver watch, Elgin make, size 18, and warranted first-class in every particular.

4. To any lady who organizes a club of 20 absolutely new subscribers at the above rates, a beautiful silver chatelaine watch, with chain; also warranted first class in every particular.

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2. To every paid up subscriber, who also pays one year's subscription in advance, a handsome volume in cloth binding of the "Oxford" Library of Standard Works; or else a striking and artistic copy, in colors, of Meissonier's famous painting "Retreat from Moscow," containing excellent figures of the Great Napoleon, Marshal Ney, Marshal Berthier, Gen. Rapp and other military celebrities; or an equally meritorious copy of the world renowned biblical painting, "Christ Before Pilate": or a spirited, artistically colored, representation, after Meissonier's painting of the charge of the French cavalry at the Battle of Friedland.

All these offers are open from this date, Jan. 2, 1892, and advantage should be taken of them as speedily as possible.

TERMS.

The terms of subscription should be borne in mind, so as to avoid confusion. They are as follows:

Individual subscriptions	$2.50 each.
Club subscriptions, not less than five members	$2.00 each.

Remittances can be sent by Check, Post-office Order, Express Order or Registered Mail.

Early attention to this announcement is respectfully requested.

THE CITIZEN NEWSPAPER CO.
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